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A

WINTER IN BATH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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VOL. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWO POPULAR NOVELS.

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A

WINTER IN BATH.

CHAP. I.

Our heroine arrived at the Crescent with trembling limbs and a heavy heart; Mrs. Hambleton met her in the hall. "Here, here's a fine *to do*," said she, "what with one thing and 'tother; I think the world's turned upside down for my part; poor Cissy is very bad in a head-

ache; and who can wonder, after letting all bedlam loose upon her last night. Oh!" holding up her hands, "no more masquerades for me—see what comes of 'em; *you* fainted away *almost* in a convulsion fit, the while that Miss *Marier* ran away with your sweetheart; and while this was all doing *below* stairs, why they do say that your papa lost some hundreds of pounds up *above*, and only at cards, which I always call the Devil's books, and never could abide; but you look very pale now, Miss Hartley, and well enough you may; I pity you from my heart; not that Mr. Dawson was any *very* great favourite of mine, but then he *had* the money, and I'm sure a power of it is wanted if people come to this place, for it melts faster than snow be-

fore the sun—how sly Miss *Marier* was; Cissy never once suspected, nor none of us; but don't be cast down so, Miss Hartley, may be you may do as well yet, for if one won't another will, and these things are *ordained*, you know, and it *wasn't* to be, so there is no help for it.—Come, come, chear up, and come along with me and see Cissy; she's in the drawing-room lying upon one of them there *Hottomants*; poor thing, she pays for her pleasures!"

Lady Maybury was reclining as her aunt had said; her countenance was pallid, her eyes were rayless; as she turned them on Adriana, she half raised herself from her recumbent posture, and seemed

to struggle with her feelings in order to receive her guest.

"Do not disturb yourself, dear Lady Maybury," said Adriana, approaching her; "I am sorry to hear you are indisposed; I hope I do not intrude upon you; but my papa said he had told—he wrote me that." And Adriana leant on the arm of the Ottoman, and burst into tears.

"Do compose yourself, dear Adriana," said Lady Maybury, who appeared affected by her emotion; and taking her hand, she added, "be assured that I am very glad to see you, and that I sincerely sympathise in your distress. Maria Pemberton carried on the business in a most artful manner; I had not the

slightest suspicion of it, and was roused from my sleep about noon, to open a note, found on her toilette-table, confessing the power of love—almighty love!"

"Many things are imputed to him in which he bears no part," said Adriana, whose tears had been drying by her pride, when she perceived the construction which her ladyship had put on them.

"Indeed, Adriana, I think with you in regard to Maria Pemberton, who, no doubt, thought of forming a good establishment; and, in these times, who can blame her? As to Dawson, Love *must* have lent him his wings; for what else could have animated the Cymon? The spirit moved the Quaker, and my masquerade has worked *one* wonder. Heigho!

it has made me very stupid ; and if you were not so likewise, child, you should have said, ' *That* is another wonder.' But I can forgive you *all* to-day."

" Ah, Lady Maybury, you can always jest at my expence," said Adriana ; " you know that my distress proceeds not from the source which you have mentioned : you would laugh again, and affect to disbelieve me, if I were to say that the incident to which you allude is the only circumstance which gives me the least consolation—but it is my father ! Ah, dear Lady Maybury, when I think of him, of the embarrassment which he must lie under, when it obliged him to quit Bath so suddenly, and to throw his daughter on the mercy of his friends,—It is this which quite subdues me !" And the full voice of Adriana obliged her to stop.

"My dear Miss Hartley, you make a serious matter of a thing which I have heard Lord Maybury speak of as the most common occurrence in life—that is in the life of a man who plays high; perhaps Mr. Hartley did not know where to lay his hands immediately on the sum which he lost last night, but by to-morrow his lucky stars may make him master of double that sum, and gained by the same means."

"I hope not," said Adriana, fervently.

"Why that hope, child?"

"Because, in that case, my father will be led the deeper into this fatal error."

"Nonsense, nonsense—neither you or I must set up for reformers, my dear; the world is as it *was* before we got into it, and so it will continue after we have

taken our leaves of it. Heigho! Come, dry your eyes, for I hear the dinner-bell."

Lord Maybury approached Adriana, and taking her hand with the most respectful politeness, assured her that he felt the greatest pleasure at seeing her the guest of Lady Maybury; he did not mention the name of Dawson, of Pemberton, or of her father, during the meal, but chatted on indifferent and general subjects, and by his own liveliness and sprightly ease essayed to raise her spirits.

"I declare, my lord, you are an enviable being," said Lady Maybury; (his lordship bowed, and smilingly assented.

"No ennui, no lassitude, after the fatigues of last night; all hilarity and cheerfulness: surely your nerves are made of iron. My door has been thronged with enquiries after my health, but I could not let a soul of them in. Amongst the list I saw the name of Sir Lionel Herbert; I took it into my head that he was personating the knight of the woeful countenance last night, and *now* I am sure I was not mistaken. Did *you* suspect him, Miss Hartley? for I saw him maintain a long conversation with a certain country girl, who I found out by her strict adherence to the *Devonian* costume, and who really performed 'a narveille' the first part of the night."

The colour fled from the cheeks of

Adriana, and returned again in a full tide of crimson, as she perceived the eyes of both Lord and Lady Maybury turned towards her; as she remembered the conversation of the pilgrim, the advice of her father, and heard that Sir Lionel Herbert was in reality returned to Bath.

"I thought—I did not know—I had no idea of his being here," said Adriana.

"Nor had I," said his lordship: "I think, Cecilia, it was a cool thing enough of him, to call here, after the treatment you have received from his mother and sister. I am glad you did not let him in."

"Why, your lordship must be joking," said Lady Maybury; "for heaven's sake, what has Sir Lionel to do with the

behaviour of his mother and sister? Do you expect *me* to answer for all *your* faults? I am really very glad that Sir Lionel is returned; Miss Hartley will have a beau when we are in public, and he can make himself very entertaining—what say you, Adriana?"

"O! do not call upon Miss Hartley for her opinion," said Lord Maybury, in a sarcastic tone; "the knight was her champion and defender."

"That pilgrim was a well supported character," said Lady Maybury, changing the subject; "I never beheld a finer figure; as he leant on his staff, at the corner of the entrance room, the drapery of his weeds was folded in a strikingly graceful manner, and, if the Apollo Belvedere had not appeared in *his own*

shape, I should have guessed him concealed under the robes of the pilgrim."

"It was a good character, certainly," said Lord Maybury, "but no one could give a clue to him."

"No, nor to that mad—mad—I can't tell what you call her." said Mrs. Hambleton, "but *mad* she was, to all intents and purposes—she that caught hold of Miss Hartley, and frightened her so—you know, my lord."

"Frightened her, indeed!" said Lord Maybury; "but what she said was so unconnected, and yet so ridiculous, that I know not whether to place it to the account of madness or folly."

"Well, my lord," said Lady Maybury, "I must drive dull care away, by looking in, for a few minutes, at the

cotillion. I have ordered the chariot at ten o'clock; will not you accompany us?"

"My dear Cecilia, you had better stay at home this evening," said Lord Maybury, with unusual warmth in his manner; a warmth which called back Mrs. Hambleton a few paces as she was leaving the room.

"And so *I* say, my lord; and so *I* say," said Mrs. Hambleton. "Cissy, now do take good advice; now, my lady, now, pray now, take good advice, and stay at home."

"No, we must go for an hour, for a *thousand* reasons," said Lady Maybury; "and I will explain them all to Adriana when we get into the drawing-room."

Adriana would have begged to be excused from going out, for she felt herself very unfit to participate in any scene of gaiety, but she feared to resist the wishes of Lady Maybury, especially as her own were in unison with his lordship's; she remembered the words of the pilgrim, and she tried to attend to the representations of her ladyship, and to be *convinced* by her arguments, when she assured her, that by her appearing at the cotillion ball that night, she would effectually crush all the unpleasant reports which would otherwise be circulated at her expence.

" Show the world, my dear girl, and show the Pembertons, who will, I doubt not, be there, receiving the *congratula-*

tions of their friends, that you are not in despair at the desertion of your lover. Your father's credit, too, will be raised ten *per cent.* from your appearance to-night; for a very trifling circumstance turns the scale of public report."

Adriana silently acquiesced, but she was handed into the chariot by Lord Maybury, with a heart very ill at ease. His lordship chatted, and was particularly pleasant, and seemed in high spirits. Adriana thought of the Madona; what must be her remark, if she were to see her on such terms of intimacy with Lord Maybury? The idea was dreadful of her appearing to contemn parental advice, and these affecting and heart-piercing entreaties which she had received; and

on her entering the ball-room her eye ran wildly and fearfully round, but she saw not her mother. Mrs. and Miss Pemberton were the first to accost Lady Maybury and Adriana. Her ladyship exclaimed, "So, Miss Maria has stolen a march on us! I confess I was not prepared for it."

"Nor was *I*, by any means," said Mrs. Pemberton; "I assure you, my dearest Lady Maybury, it was quite unknown to me; and I waited on your ladyship this morning, in order to inquire after your health, and to explain this matter to you. I also did myself the honour of calling in Pultney-street, on Miss Hartley," turning towards Adriana, "but I found she was gone to the Crescent, to *assure* her of my entire igno-

rance of Maria's proceedings; her poor sister has cried her eyes *out* about it this morning; but these things will happen, and I really think my dear girl had a most ardent and disinterested affection for Mr. Dawson. I have long perceived, with the deepest anxiety, the progress of their mutual passion, and knowing Mr. Dawson to have been an engaged man, I have, a thousand times, lamented my poor Maria's being exposed to his dangerous society, but I could not take her away from your ladyship, and Mr. Dawson always made one of your parties.—For *you*, my amiable young friend," said Mrs. Pemberton, taking the hand of Adriana, "believe me, that my sympathy is yours."

"Sympathy! *that* is a word of Mrs. D'Onolly's," said Lady Maybury. "Let

me speak, now, both for Adriana and myself; *believe us* when we say we had not *the smallest suspicion* of the danger attendant on Mr. Dawson's society.—Adriana is very well pleased to hear he has got a wife, and I am happy to find that Miss Maria has found a kindred soul:—now we will say no more, dear Pemberton, for neither of us can *mend* it."

Mrs. Pemberton was evidently mortified at Lady Maybury's manner of treating the subject, but it was not her interest to resent any thing from her ladyship; in a few moments her chagrin was dissipated, and she looked just as unconcerned, and talked as loudly, as if nothing had happened.

Sir Lionel Herbert came towards Lord

and Lady Maybury and Adriana, as soon as he perceived them; his lordship was coolly polite; Lady Maybury received him with smiles, and, holding out her hand, said, "Most valorous knight, where hast thou hid thyself so long?"

As Sir Lionel returned her address he smiled, and looked towards Adriana, whose countenance was dyed with blushes; he could not understand the nature of her emotion, but that he did not draw from it an unpleasant conclusion was evident, for he did not quit her side for the remainder of the evening, although he received very little encouragement to continue of their party from Lord Maybury, who now bit his lips, and now played with his hat, and now walked off a few

paces, and now returned to them again, as if fearing to go, and yet feeling his stay very unpleasant.

"Ah! is it you, may dearest Lady Maybury!—enchanting goddess of Elysian revels, how delighted I am to see you!" said the languishing Mrs. D'Onolly, as leaning on the arm of little Filmer she advanced towards Lady Maybury; "I should not have ventured out this evening, after the mental exertion of last night, had I not *expired* to hear what was said of the different characters.—I find, with most *refined* pleasure, that all the company are most loyal subjects of Folly; *they* say, and I chime in, with the loudest plaudits, to the sense of the general opinion, that their never was a more

unique or a more elegantly appropriated dress—but your form, your sylph-like step, your conversation, the spirit with which it was carried on—Oh, it was truly sublime?"

"The sublime height of *folly!*" whispered Sir Lionel, aside, to Adriana.

"Don Quixote I have not yet discovered," continued Mrs. D'Onolly; "indeed I was too deeply engaged in my own character, to notice other people, except the genius *of the place!* I felt my own character too much—yes! I felt it even to agony; and as I repeated the tender and soul-inspiring lines of Pope, I felt myself the *very* being I was representing: this was wrong; I fear I ought not to have been thus inspired by my subject. Do you not think that I *might* have done better?"

"Impossible, I should think," said Lady Maybury.

"Totally impossible," said Lord Maybury; "the character seemed made for you, Mrs. D'Onolly; the poetry seemed written only to be recited in your mellifluous tones."

"Well, you are very good—very good indeed, to embolden me a little,—I hope I *was* passable."

"You are so modest, dearest Mrs. D'Onolly, you would not believe *me*, when I said I was confident that you were greatly admired," said Miss Filmer.

"It is the part of *true genius* to be diffident of its own powers," said Lord Maybury.

"True, my lord," answered Mrs.

D'Onolly; "and I find by painful and *every-day* experience, that as the genius expands, so does this diffidence, crushing each blossom ere it opens. Diffidence has ever formed the *leading* trait of my character, and I fear that it will now descend with me to the grave."

"Talk not of the *grave*," said the affectionate Filmer, taking Mrs. D'Onolly's hand, and lifting it to her lips.

"I *will not*, if it wounds your affectionate and sensitive heart, my amiable friend." Mrs. D'Onolly then took the hand of Adriana, and pressing it to her bosom, said, "Alas! I feel for *you!* The perfidy of a friend! the treachery of the object in whom you had centred your warmest wishes! Alas! my dear, *dear* sufferer, I pity you from the very bottom of my soul!"

Adriana stood in silent surprise; but when Mrs. D'Onolly released her hand, she met the eyes of Sir Lionel Herbert; they seemed to tell her that he had heard this speech; she felt confused and abashed, and Sir Lionel presently started an indifferent subject of conversation.

Captain Pierrepoint, having directed the cotillions, now joined the party, with Sir Theodore Waring. Adriana perceived herself the object of very general attention.

"That is Miss Hartley"—"That is the poor young lady who wears the willow"—"She seems to bear her loss with fortitude," had been said at different times, loud enough for her to hear. She

was very well pleased, when Lady Maybury said she was ready to go home. Lord Maybury escorted her to the chariot; Sir Lionel Herbert was the squire of Lady Maybury.

"We shall be glad to see you, when you like to call," said Lady Maybury, as she stept into the vehicle.

Sir Lionel bowed.

"I wonder you said *we*, Cecilia, when you could mean only *I*," said Lord Maybury; "for *I* had given you my opinion on that subject before we came away."

"O,—by *we* I meant Miss Hartley and myself."

"What, you have felt the *pulse* of Miss Hartley on the subject," said Lord

Maybury, with emphasis, " and you find that it beats to your wish?"

" I cannot think why your lordship has taken such an aversion to Sir Lionel Herbert."

His lordship was silent; and when Adriana reached the Crescent, she desired to be permitted to go to her apartment immediately; Lady Maybury bade her good night in a very friendly tone, and Mrs. Hambleton attended her to her room, to see that Betty had put every thing comfortable.

CHAP. II.

THE succeeding fortnight was unmarked by any striking incident: in some respects Adriana felt herself more at ease than she could have expected to have been the case; but she found that the temper of Lady Maybury was very uncertain, fickle, and capricious; sometimes she was all life and spirits, at others languid and querelous, full of complaints, nd fancying herself rudely treated, and

deeply injured, where nothing had been meant but civility and kindness. But all this variability of behaviour was deducible from one source, and *that* source was Lord Maybury. When *he* was attentive to her, she was pleased and was happy; when *he* complimented Adriana, when *he* addressed his conversation particularly to her, when *he* admired her dress, or looked over her drawings, the countenance of Lady Maybury was quickly overcast; and though she felt, and could not help acknowledging to herself, the propriety of Adriana's conduct, and the steady and modest reserve of her manners; though she saw her studiously avoid Lord Maybury's attentions, and sedulously endeavour to keep in the back ground herself, while she exerted

all her art to protrude every amiable trait *in* her character for his lordship's notice, yet she could not behold the *least* preference given by Lord Maybury to Adriana, without implicating the innocent Adriana in her resentment; and while she admitted Sir Lionel Herbert to her dressing-room, as often as he chose to call of a morning, as if in direct opposition to her wishes, Lord Maybury never invited him to dine, nor had called on him since he returned to Bath. Sir Lionel only asked if the ladies were at home, when he came to the Crescent; and when the gentlemen met in public, it was evident that a shyness existed between them. Adriana was obliged to go out with Lady Maybury, and every evening brought with it its engagement. For

such dissipation neither the spirits, the health, or the purse of our heroine were in tune; for, without having made purchase of a single article since she came to the Crescent, her small stock of cash, by unavoidable and incidental expences, was now reduced to a solitary half-guinea. Her father had never written to her since he had quitted Bath, (though he must have known that her situation must have been a very awkward and anxious one) and a speedy replenishment of her purse was consequently beyond her hopes.

Often as Adriana took a lonely review of her situation, while Lady Maybury was engaged at her toilette, when she reflected on her parents and on herself, the acutest feelings pierced her heart,

and the bitterest tears fell from her eyes; in all her present prospect she saw but one ray of comfort, and that she derived from the presence and the friendly attention of Sir Lionel Herbert; conscious that she had no designs on him, and that he was ignorant of her father's advice respecting him, the confusion which she had felt when she first saw him was now gradually worn away, the easy yet respectful familiarity of his manner emboldened her's, and she felt a kind of support from the sanction of his character, which not only gave her consequence with the world in general, but which in some measure awed the behaviour of Lord Maybury into propriety towards herself.

Sir Lionel Herbert had lamented to Adriana the stiff formality of his mother, which had precluded his sister from enjoying the society of her favourite friend. Adriana had too much penetration not to perceive, that under this reason he tried to conceal the real one; but she received it with her usual good-nature.

Mrs. Pemberton had once more warmed herself into the good graces of Lady Maybury, and the elopement of Maria Pemberton appeared to have been forgotten by both parties. The newly-married pair were waiting in London for a summons from Dawson Hall, as forgiveness had been implored in the usual way, and it was expected to be bestowed in the usual manner.

It was one evening at a concert that Mrs. D'Onolly and Miss Filmer, attended by a male friend of *sentiment*, had taken their seats immediately behind Lady Maybury's party, which Sir Lionel Herbert had joined, and had placed himself next Adriana at the end of a seat.—Engaged in her own reflections, our heroine had been some time silent, when Mrs. D'Onolly's voice being raised in the well-known tone of declamation, her attention was forcibly attracted.

"No!" said the impassioned sentimentalist; "I must contend that the human heart is not capable of a second attachment. What, when its every fibre has experienced the very acme of feeling, when the whole soul has been resigned to

the sweetest emotions of the heart, when every faculty has been subservient to its power, when it has been wound up to a pitch of tensity almost beyond humanity, and then, alas! when it has been rudely snapped by the death or the defection of the idolized object—Oh, my dear mistaken friend," putting her hand on that of the gentleman, "say, can *that* heart experience any renovation? can a second spring shoot out amidst the winter of the affections?—No! it is impossible."

"You hear that rhapsody of Mrs. D'Onolly's," said Sir Lionel, in a whisper, to Adriana. "May I ask your opinion of it?"

"I think of it as of every other speech of that lady's," answered Adriana; "it was a compound of high-sounding and romantic jargon."

"No, but I want your opinion on the *subject* of her conversation." And as Sir Lionel looked at Adriana, his features displayed an evident embarrassment.

"The *subject* I am certainly incompetent to speak on," said Adriana; "I most freely avow my perfect ignorance."

"Shall I, then, speak on it?—will you, Miss Hartley, hear *my* sentiments? However disguised by her eccentric and sentimental expressions," said he, rather looking towards the ground than towards Adriana, "I understand that the lady meant that the heart can *never* know a second love." He sighed. "I *once* thought with her, but experience has convinced me of my error; the romance of youth dissolves with gathering years, and the bright and glowing colours which

dazzled at that period are no more to be discovered; but a steady, a lambent flame remains, which is far more calculated to produce *lasting* happiness, than that visionary perspective which was only descried in the horizon. Perhaps you think I am speaking as metaphorically as Mrs. D'Onolly; I *think* I could give the subject a *fuller* meaning, if you would promise me your candid attention, ingenuous Miss Hartley!" and he respectfully took the hand of Adriana. "Will you favour me with a private audience to-morrow morning?"

Surprised and deeply confused at this request, at the subject, and the manner of it, Adriana stammered out, "I—I have no—I do not—I cannot object."

"A million of thanks!" said Sir

Lionel, relinquishing her hand; then seeing Lord Maybury approach them, he rose from the seat he had occupied, and walked away; Adriana saw him no more for the evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Our heroine slept little, we need not say that her waking thoughts were employed on Sir Lionel Herbert, she ran over every word that he had uttered. She remembered to have heard Louisa Herbert mention a disappointment which he had met with; and without being apt to form conclusions in her own favor, Adriana had very little doubt of his intending to make her an offer of his hand

on the succeeding day, and she seriously began to consider on the propriety of her accepting him—Adriana decidedly preferred him to all the men she had seen in Bath; she was always improved and entertained when listening to his conversation; she should establish conformably to her father's wishes, and *far* beyond her own expectations—there certainly did not appear one objection to him; yet Adriana had never thought of him as a lover before—she was *sure* she was not in love with him, yet how could she know this? for had she ever felt the influence of the tender passion? she answered confidently, No! Had she ever experienced a greater regard for any other man? Her heart throbbed wildly at the question; yes! for Mr. Falkland!

but then she had confidence in him as a *father:* She had loved him for the affection he had borne her mother; the regard she *still* felt for him was *quite* foreign to a more tender sentiment; she was sure it *must* be, for she should feel it to the last moment of her existence! Adriana sighed and continued her reflections—the world would say, that she married Sir Lionel to secure to herself an establishment, they would really think that she had come to Bath merely to get a husband.

"But why should I mind the world!" said she; "while I feel assured that no prospect of wealth, or title, could induce me to marry a man whom I did not respect and approve."

The prejudices and pride of Lady Herbert were next conjured up in battle array; Sir Lionel was independent, but Adriana thought he would not act in direct opposition to his mother, and there seemed little prospect of his obtaining her consent to such a union. It required all Adriana's resolution and self-possession to enable her to meet Sir Lionel Herbert; but she argued herself into a sort of steady calmness; and during a *tete-a-tete* breakfast with Lady Maybury, she mentioned to her the request of Sir Lionel Herbert on the preceding evening, and her intention of complying with it—Lady Maybury sprang from the sopha, threw her arms round the neck of Adriana, and pressed her fervently to her bosom: "My dear—my dearest girl!

how you delight me!" cried her ladyship, who had appeared unusually languid and thoughtful during the former part of the repast; "how you enchant me, Adriana?" and tears of unfeigned joy fell from her eyes.

This is the very height of my wishes: oh! sweetest Adriana, you know not how much, how *very* much I have wished for this!

"My dear sanguine friend," said Adriana, smiling; "I cannot help thinking how differently we look on this occasion?"

"Why you are cool about every thing in comparison of me; but confess now, does not your heart feel a little flutter,

a *little* palpitation, at the idea of the coming meeting?"

"Surely it does," answered Adriana; "for the request of Sir Lionel is a very extraordinary one, yet, believe me, I am not *certain* that it was made exactly for the purpose which you seem to understand!"

"Which *I seem* to understand, which every body *must* understand, my dear child, with common comprehension—but ring the bell, Adriana, we will have the breakfast taken away, and the coast cleared for you: You shall sit here—but you look very pale, love; do be persuaded *only* this once, and lay on a *tiny* bit of rouge on those lilly white cheeks."

"No, I cannot be persuaded *this once*," said Adriana, smiling.

"Well then, you must have it all your own way," said Lady Maybury, as she tripped gaily out of the room, thinking she heard the hall door open.

"Do not leave me yet, dear lady Maybury!" said Adriana; but her ladyship heard her not.—The sitting up to receive a formal visit from Sir Lionel Herbert, Adriana felt to be very aukwark; she tried to amuse herself, and to divert her thoughts, but she found it impossible—Twelve, one, two o'clock, and no Sir Lionel appeared; twenty times had Lady Maybury popt her head into the room, to express her surprise at his lengthened absence.

"I am going out immediately," said she; "the chariot is at the door, perhaps he waits to see me off."

The morning passed on sluggish wings, so thought Adriana; but Sir Lionel did not avail himself of it, he came not, and Adriana felt mortified at the idea of having been kept in waiting for him so many hours, to no purpose: surely he ought to have sent a note or a message, but neither came, and Lady Maybury had returned home, and seemed as much surprised, and more disappointed, than our heroine.

At dinner, Lord Maybury carelessly said, "Sir Lionel Herbert quitted Bath, apparently in a great hurry this morning; I saw him in a chaise with four post horses."

The quick glance of his lady sought

Adriana, who, colouring red as crimson, cast her eyes on her plate; this did not escape the observation of his lordship, and he rallied her on the want of appetite, and on her being out of spirits, as if he was fully acquainted with the cause. Adriana felt assured, that some sudden business had called Sir Lionel Herbert from Bath, and which, from its emergency, had prevented him from making an apology to her for not keeping his engagement; and being confident that this would be cleared up at his return, she did not suffer it to prey on her mind, but attended Lady Maybury to the ball, and under the impression of her recent flattering expectations, was in very comfortable spirits, though she missed the conversation of Sir Lionel Herbert, and

his absence seemed to throw an unusual insipidity on the scene before her; his remarks and observations having heretofore given her the chief amusement which she derived in public. Our heroine had a quiet night; the following letter was put into her hands soon after breakfast; the post mark was Marlborough.

"My amiable friend

"Must forgive the hurry with which I write, confident that I could relate a tale which would take up much of her time, but for which I have not two minutes to spare; an incident which I may almost term *miraculous*, calls me from Bath; and I know not if I shall return to it again, as the misery or happinesss of my own ensuing days will,

in all probability, be decided by the journey I am now taking—which ever it may be, my best wishes shall be your's, and my sincerest regard; I shall always feel myself delighted to be of the least service to you, and remain, with the greatest respect,

"Your obliged and faithful,

"LIONEL HERBERT."

The surprise (if not the disappointment) of Adriana, was very great on perusing this letter, she had plainly been under a mistake with regard to the intentions of Sir Lionel Herbert; she must have misconstrued what he had said, and her having done so, implied the very height of vanity: She had not mentioned her conversation with Sir Lionel to any

one, but Lady Maybury had taken up her opinion merely from the circumstance of his having requested a private interview; and, on perusing this letter, her ladyship must acknowledge its fallacy. There was no understanding it, certainly; but its ambiguity referred only to Sir Lionel Herbert, with regard to herself, nothing could be plainer—"He knew not if he should return to Bath again;" "Best wishes," and "sincerest regard," "delighted to be of the least service."

It was evident that this letter was meant as a farewell.—It has been said that our heroine was not in love with Sir Lionel Herbert, yet she felt much mortified; her delicacy was wounded at the mistake she had made, though it was known only to

herself, and in her present uncomfortable situation, the prospect which she had contemplated, had been too flattering to be entirely withdrawn without a sigh. Lady Maybury could not conceal her chagrin, and was pettish and quick in her answers to Adriana, when she tried to persuade her it had all originated in a mistake. Mrs. Pemberton and a few other *friends* dined at Lord Maybury's; Adriana rallied all her stock of pride and resolution, in order to convince her ladyship the disappointment did not prey on her mind; but the cheerfulness of Adriana seemed to throw a damp on Lady Maybury's spirits; and when the ladies retired to the drawing room, Mrs. Pemberton engrossed the undivided attention of Lady Maybury, in a long and low *tete-a-tete*,

while Miss Pemberton, by chatting as loud as she could to Adriana, contrived that not one syllable of it should reach her ear; but Adriana had no curiosity for any information conveyed by Mrs. Pemberton, for whose manners and opinions she had long held the most unmixed aversion. The attention of Sir Lionel Herbert to our heroine, after his return to Bath, had been very pointed, and he had, by the world, been considered as her lover, when she had not the slightest idea of it herself; his sudden removal had now afforded a fruitful topic for conversation and conjecture, and the unconscious Adriana's name was used in any way that suited the various news and scandel-mongers in their morning rounds. The Pembertons had never felt a par-

tiality towards Adriana; with the weakness allied to little minds, they could not bear to contemplate a standard of rectitude which held out a living satire to their own conduct and sentiments, by uniting their efforts to secure Dawson for Miss Maria; at the same time that they were privy to Mr. Hartley's intention of marrying him to his daughter, (and were not made acquainted with Adriana's wishes against that intention) they had certainly not acted either with honor or delicacy, and Adriana might, to common eyes, appear injured by such conduct; it was this reflection, perhaps, which actuated Miss Henrietta at the present crisis, for the injurer often feels ruffled at the cheerful and meek forbearance of the injured. Miss Pemberton contrived

by every means in her power to teaze and confuse our heroine, and this under the semblance of great attention and regard. She would frequently ask her in company what was become of Sir Lionel Herbert? and if his absence from Bath was remarked by a third person, she would say, "Oh! you must ask Miss Hartley;" and, with a malicious smile, had more than once talked of the '*Two* run-away lovers,' and that 'she should not be *at all* surprised if Sir Lionel Herbert had gone off for the same purpose as Mr. Dawson; for that the gravest men were often the most sly, and for her part she hated to see a puritanical countenance."

CHAP. VI.

From the moment when Adriana had received the hasty note of Sir Lionel Herbert, she had perceived the fallacy of her short-lived expectations, and had dismissed them entirely from her mind; and as she was not attached to him as a lover, she did not find this so difficult a task as many of our fair readers may imagine: but she could not avoid regreting his absence from Bath, just at

the period when the presence of a friend would have been of such infinite service to her. With his departure she plainly saw, and she saw it with a predicting mind, that all the unpleasantries of her situation were doubly encreased; the style of Lord Maybury's attention and conversation was more particular and less respectful; he approached her with a libertine air, his compliments were not guarded either by propriety or prudence; he sought every opportunity of paying them, and his attentions, even in the presence of Lady Maybury, were not sufficiently guarded to prevent her watchful observation, and the innocent and miserable Adriana was often overwhelmed with embarrassment. Lady Maybury's behaviour had entirely changed

towards her; Henrietta Pemberton had been her constant companion for the last two days, during which period she had scarcely addressed one voluntary word to Adriana, who mortified, humbled, and heart broken, had retired to her own room. Having very laconically received permission to stay at home from the ball, to which Lord and Lady Maybury, and Henrietta Pemberton, were gone, Mrs. Hambleton, who had seen into the nature of Cissy's feelings, (affection having, in this instance, gifted her with discernment) though she could lay nothing, as she confessed to herself, "to the charge of Miss Hartley, yet could not abide the sight of her:" She therefore had wished her a good night, on seeing her take a candle, saying, "I

shall go to bed very early, and shan't think of sitting up for them any more than you."

Adriana courtesied, but she had no idea of going to bed ; she sat down to a small table, and leaning her head on her hands, she began to take a review of her situation, and of the best means of escaping from it, for this was her firm resolve ; four days more of sufferings, like those which had just elapsed, she could not endure ; but how and where should she go ? She knew not her father's address, Hartley was a common name, and a journey to London, unprotected and alone, with no clue to guide her, had too much of a romantic exploit in it, even had she had money for the undertaking,

to be thought of by one of our heroine's rational turn of mind; besides, it was not certain that acting in disobedience to his commands, her father would consent to receive her, if she intruded herself into his presence; and alas! his own situation might preclude him from protecting her; the haunts of a gamester might be wholly unfit for the reception of a young female!

To the manor of Hartley, that quiet, that peaceful retreat, Adriana now pointed her thoughts; when recollection, with bitter emotion, reminded her of her father's declaration, that he only withheld the sale of the manor from his creditors, (and that by entreaty and supplication) till her marriage was con-

cluded with Dawson—probably then it was ere this consigned to the hammer; the beautiful trees no longer overshadowed the park; poor old Martha and Ezekiel no longer enjoyed a quiet old age, under the roof which had echoed to their active and youthful services!

"No! I must not go there—I shall now be considered as a stranger and an alien within those walls which were built by my ancestors! sighed Adriana—"but the parsonage, Ah, flattering idea! Mrs. Selwyn would open her arms to receive the forlorn wanderer; Mrs. Selwyn would speak comfort to her troubled mind; the mild accents of Mr. Falkland would soothe her sorrows and dispel her cares; her dereliction from filial obedience would be passed over,

when she should explain the variety of motives which actuated her; when she should particularize the variety of ills, by which she had been surrounded in a moment. Adriana was, in imagination, transplanted to that happy scene of peace and love, when her senses were recalled to the reality of the present, by the recollection of her exhausted finances. Tears of agony rolled in torrents down her cheeks; "I cannot go, I *must* not stay!" cried she as she paced the room, almost distractedly—In all the circle of Lady Maybury's acquaintances, she knew not a single creature from whom she should chuse to borrow a sum which would enable her to get to Hartley; unprincipled, unfeeling, or profligate, she could not voluntarily lay herself under

an obligation to a person whom she did not esteem, and to have her design exposed, if she should subject herself to a refusal, would be to involve her yet deeper in difficulties, instead of helping her out of them: It was Adriana's intention to get off unknown, either to Lord or Lady Maybury, from his lordship she must keep her retreat a profound secret, and she thought it better to come to no explanation with her ladyship, which must be the case if she were to announce her intention. Mrs. Hambleton might, perhaps, assist her with the loan which she required; but the mind of Adriana revolted at the idea of meannesss and ignorance which that lady displayed in every trifling incident, and which would entirely preclude her from mentioning

the subject to her—in this wretched state of suspense and uncertainty, Adriana recollected to have heard that there were places in large towns where people disposed of their cloaths and their valuables to minister to their necessities; our heroine's wardrobe was not very costly, but amongst some more trifling articles, she had a veil of white lace, which her father had given her; she blessed herself for the thought, and resolved to get up very early in the morning to go to Walcot-street, to the widow of the chairman, whom we have formerly mentioned, and to get her to dispose of it for her, giving her something for her trouble.

With a mind more composed, and

grateful to Providence at having found out a means of getting away from Bath, Adriana once more seated herself, and, taking up a pen, was about to write an apologizing letter to her father, when the door of her apartment was slowly and cautiously opened, and Lord Maybury appeared before her:—Rising from her seat, Adriana said, "My Lord, whence this intrusion?" and she went towards the bell; Lord Maybury caught her hand, and putting her in the chair from which she had risen, he fell at her feet, and passionately kissed her hand.

"Oh, Miss Hartley!" said he, "pity and pardon the man who has made use of this opportunity, the only one which has offered to him, of pouring out his whole

soul before you—Adriana, my life is not dearer to me than yourself! I know the unpleasantries of your present situation; I see the ill-natured, illiberal jealousy of my wife, I know that she makes you miserable, through her malicious envy of your innumerable perfections; I come to offer you a shelter from them all in *these* arms," and he threw them around the struggling Adriana, "in *these* arms you shall find a secure asylum! No cares—no troubles shall annoy you—with thee I'll leave the world, and fly where e'er you point the way."

"Then let it be from this apartment, my lord," said Adriana; "can such a flagrant breach of hospitality, such an insult as *this* be passed over in silence; I must alarm the house! Lord Maybury,

how will you justify your conduct to the world?"

"The world is well *prepared* for the story, but not as *you* would tell it, lovely Adriana," said Lord Maybury, with the most mischievous exultation in his manner—"the world is too just to my numerous advantages, not to perceive the probability of your acceding to any terms of mine, especially as your having fainted *twice* in my arms, and that in public has given a—"

"Good Heavens!" said Adriana, wildly starting up, and with almost supernatural strength, breaking from him and flying towards the door, 'good Heavens! what unheard of villany! Oh!" wringing her hands, "My God support me!"

"Hear me, Miss Hartley," cried Lord

Maybury, catching her robe; "hear me a moment, nay, you must you shall!" and turning the key of the door, he very coolly put it into his pocket, "I come to offer you ease, independance, happiness, and love! my life shall be devoted to your service, I will live only to minister to your happiness; you shall be treated as my wife, and when death shall have taken the woman who now usurps that title, you, my charming my enchanting Adriana, shall be legally instituted into those titular and insignificant privileges of which you shall not have felt the deprivation.'

"That I have heard you thus far," said Adriana, "is because I have been thunderstruck at your dauntless assurance; you have me in your power, my

lord, and it is thus you insult the vanquished—how you can justify your conduct to yourself, I know not, Sir; to affront a defenceless, unprotected female, whose father has placed her under your roof, and whom you term your *friend:* Oh, for shame, for shame, my lord! beware how you proceed in this unmanly behaviour, think that in wounding the delicacy of a virtuous woman, with a proposal like that which has just disgraced my ears."

"Disgraced," interrupted Lord Maybury, "and is the daughter of *Mrs.* Hartley, the *Chere-Amie* of Mr. Harcourt, so *very* scrupulous in her notions of female propriety and delicacy? How can you reconcile such a wire-drawn code of morality, with the fifth com

mandment, my bewitching Adriana? Come, come, lay by these airs of prudery and —" A knock was heard at the street door, quick steps sounded in the hall, voices were distinguished in the stair-case.

"The devil! Lady Maybury," said his lordship, starting up and feeling for the key of the door; Adriana leaned her head in silent agony against the mantle piece; his lordship had hampered the lock.

"Let me in—instantly let me in, Miss Hartley!" cried Lady Maybury, from without; the door sprung open, and Lady Maybury burst in, and almost into the arms of her lord.

"This is too much," cried she, and she flung herself on the floor, and fell into a violent hysteric laugh.

"My lord," said Adriana, advancing courageously, and cooly to Lord Maybury; "for the sake of your lady, I call on you to explain this scene—I ask nothing for *myself* of *you*, my own conscience exonerates me; but appearances are strangely, fearfully against me," said she, clasping her hands together, and then putting them before her eyes, "and I *conjure* you, speak the truth!"

"Oh! Lady Maybury is very well pleased, see how she laughs!" said his lordship, pointing to the agitated Cecilia, as she still sat on the floor; Mrs. Hambleton and Henrietta Pemberton now entered the room.

"Welcome, welcome *all*, pray be

seated, good people," said Lord Maybury, bowing.

"Oh! my poor dear Cissy, my poor injured, abused child, my poor dear girl!" cried Mrs. Hambleton.

"Sorceress, Hyena, Basilisk," said Lady Maybury, springing towards Adriana; "have I sheltered in my bosom the viper who has destroyed me? Speak, oh, tell me what I have done, that you could resolve to wound me so cruelly?"—And she wrung the hand of Adriana as she spoke.

"At this moment I can say nothing, which *you* will receive as my exculpation," said Adriana; "appearances are cruelly against me. Lady Maybury, I pity you from the bottom of my heart; I forgive your suspicions, for I can make

allowances for the present tumult of your feelings!"

"Pity and forgiveness? Madam, I thank you," said Lady Maybury, scornfully hurling away the hand of Adriana; "but *you* shall have neither from me! What? *dare* you talk in this manner to *her* whom you have robbed of her husband's affections and love?"

"Aye," interposed Mrs. Hambleton; "what can you say for yourself, you scandalous young hussey, for bringing my poor dear Cissy into such trouble as this?" And the loud and blubbered cries of Mrs. Pemberton were almost too much for the ears of the by-standers.

"What the devil is all this fuss about?" said Lord Maybury; "Cecilia, you are as mad as your aunt,

and both deserve to be put into Bedlam; merely because I stole away from the stupid bore of a ball, and when I came home preferred a duet to a solo! How perfectly ridiculous to make such a noise about nothing; I beg you will all of you leave this room, ('which has really been the scene of a *dull* piece,' said Miss Henrietta, half aside) and let Miss Hartley rest."—The unmixed contempt with which Adriana regarded Lord Maybury was plainly expressed on her features as he turned his eyes towards her when he finished this speech.

"Rest?" said Lady Maybury.

"Oh! Lord Maybury, and can you talk of rest? Did you not vow and swear you loved me to destraction? Ungrateful—perjured man! Oh, I could lift my

hands against myself, when I reflect on what a wretch I am become!"

And Lady Maybury frantickly pulled her turban from her head, and stampt it on the ground, then wrung her hands, and tore her hair, while the frightened Adriana ran to her assistance, only to be spurned from her; and the loud howl of Mrs. Hambleton could not be pacified.—Lord Maybury now took the hand of his Lady.

"Leave the room, Cecilia, I *insist* on your leaving the room; your frenzy exceeds any thing I ever witnessed; I believe you have thrown Miss Hartley into a fit."

"Go from me, monster!" screamed Lady Maybury, as she writhed on the floor; then suddenly springing up, and turning towards Adriana, she said, "leave my house to-morrow! *this* night is the last you spend beneath my roof!"

"Most assuredly it is," said Adriana; the dignity of innocence over-spreading her features. "Lady Maybury, I return you my sincere thanks for the favor and the protection you have held out to me—My Lord, your own conscience must dictate what I *would* say to you!"

"Let us go, Cissy, dear Cissy, let us go!" said Mrs. Hambleton, "and leave this young profligate to herself; but one word with you Miss before *I* leave you—take more care in future, and the *next*

family you get into do not disturb the happiness of the master and mistress !"

Lord Maybury made a sullen, yet a seemingly-triumphant bow as he slowly walked away—Lady Maybury leant her whole person on the shoulder of her aunt, who continually said, as she bore her away, " Dear, dear Cissy, don't take on so ; my dear, *dear* child, you'll cry yourself into a fever ! Dear Cissy, you'll break my heart," &c. &c.—while Miss Pemberton, following the rest of the party, with mincing gait, just stept back to say to Adriana, " pleasant dreams attend you, Miss Hartley, though I guess that you would still prefer the *duet* to the *solo !*"—

Adriana spoke not a word, the most imperious silence could alone show her sense of this indelicate insult.

CHAP. V.

LEFT to herself, the first impulse of Adriana was to lock the door—which having done, she threw herself on the bed, and gave full scope to the anguish with which her soul was fraught. For some time she could neither reason or reflect; her mind was a chaos of wild emotions, and her countenance was bathed in tears, while her whole frame shook, and her heart beat as though it

would have burst its prison ; but the natural elasticity of her mind, the consciousness of her innocence, and the necessity of deciding on some immediate plan, at length recalled her to her self-possession. Adriana began to see through the motives of Lord Maybury ; the ease with which he beheld Lady Maybury's entrance, and his evasive answers, convinced her that he thought by producing a rupture between them, he should the more effectually secure *her* in his toils. To remove, therefore, without his knowledge, was her first resolve ; but, under his own roof, how was this to be effected ? and, alas ! where could the unprotected and the friendless Adriana fly for refuge ? In Bath she knew not an individual to whom she could apply for assist-

ance, and she had not the means of quitting it; yet the necessity of doing so with the dawn of day seemed to increase every moment;—that her character would be cruelly stigmatized—that her name would be the theme of every tongue—that her ungrateful and shameless behaviour would afford all the scandal-mongers of Bath a topic for the next week, she did not doubt; scarce seen in the world, she would be remembered only by her imputed misconduct; insignificant and unassuming she would otherwise have been forgotten as soon as she was no longer seen; but *now* the sad, *sad* tale of infamy would be recorded, and would be believed:—yes! perhaps her mother would hear it—perhaps *she* might *believe* it: she might sigh over the crimes of her

child; she might weep in the bitterness of her heart over those errors which originated from her example.

This reflection of piercing the heart, already borne down by the weight of its own sorrows, was insupportable, and Adriana got from the bed in a paroxysm of wretchedness which we should vainly endeavour to pourtray; while, as she paced her chamber, she could distinguish the voice of Mrs. Hambleton very plainly at intervals, between the ringing of bells, foot-steps pacing the passages, confused sounds, and indistinct orders; but "A physician," and "My lady is in fits," reached her ear. Hour after hour this confusion reigned in the house; Adriana heard the physician arrive, and as the

hall-door was shut on some one about four in the morning, she concluded that he had then left the house again. It was quite dark, and Adriana sat in her window, anxiously watching for the first ray of light; and when, at length, it just began to streak the eastern sky, she made up a small parcel of necessary articles of linen and apparel, and folded in it the lace veil on which she had fixed her hopes; she put the remainder of her wardrobe into her trunks, taking the keys in her pocket, as she was of necessity obliged to leave them behind her. All was now ready; but the heart of Adriana palpitated; she put a close and plain morning bonnet on her head, and wrapping a large shawl over her person, she looked out of the window—it could

scarcely be called day-light; timid and irresolute, she waited anxiously and impatiently for more perfect day—and when, at length, she could discern the objects from without, she put up an earnest supplication for courage and support to the Succourer of the distressed, and then, taking with a cold and trembling hand her little bundle, she softly opened the door of her bed-chamber; all was quiet in the house, yet Adriana feared to draw breath, and started at the sound of her own foot-steps: luckily the key had been left in the hall-door; she cautiously drew the bolts, and opened it; it was a spring-lock, it closed after her, and she felt herself alone in a wide world.

Adriana had been useful to the poor

chairman's widow; Mrs. Lucas had been profuse in *expressions* of gratitude; Adriana was now going to put them to the test, and she rather ran than walked to Walcot-street; but the varied movement with which she proceeded, the frequent changes in her pace, her uncertain step, and the wild look which she constantly threw around, gave her the appearance of a maniac, and the few persons who were stirring so early in the morning looked at her with a curious eye, but did not accost her.

Mrs. Lucas, the poor woman, was just up, and preparing to begin her day's labour: she earned a subsistence by clear-starching, in a miserable garret, at the top of a high house, where every room

contained, or *might* contain, a family—for 'Lodgings' was written on the window at the entrance, where, by the mistress of the mansion, a small shop, or rather *cupboard*, of necessary articles was kept for the supply of the numerous inhabitants of her dwelling. Adriana was directed to the apartment of Mrs. Lucas; and as she ascended the high staircase, every door was on its hinge, to look at the clear-starcher's early visitor: a *lady* and a bundle at so unusual an hour was matter for conjecture and curiosity; and two snuff-taking neighbours met together on the *third* landing-place, to watch Adriana, as she ascended, and to say, "Mrs. Lucas has the *luck* of it; I don't say that she mayn't have had *distress;* but many *has* as large a family

as she, and no *trade* to support 'em—why, she have a mortal sight of work."

Mrs. Lucas started back, as she opened the door, and beheld Adriana; but her surprise did not get the better of her respectful civility—she dropped a low curtesy, and wiping a chair, desired Miss Hartley would do her poor chamber the honour of sitting down in it.—Alas! thought Adriana, few of my Bath acquaintances would think themselves *honoured* by *my* presence!

After trying to collect her fortitude, Adriana told Mrs. Lucas, in a few words, that it was necessary for her to leave Bath immediately; and that her father being unacquainted with it, and being absent,

she had not money sufficient to convey her where she wished to go—and that she had called upon her to ask her to perform a very material service.

Mrs. Lucas declared she would do any thing to serve a young lady who had been so kind and so good to her.

Adriana opened her bundle, and shewed her the veil, telling Mrs. Lucas that she wished her to dispose of it for her.

"Ah, Miss!" said the woman, starting back, and who, from her business, had learnt the cost of these articles—"Ah, dear miss, what a pity!—'twill be a thousand pities to sell this nice *real* lace veil;

for you won't yet a quarter the worth of it."

"No matter," said Adriana, eagerly; "it is my *only* resource."

"Ah," said Mrs. Lucas, "how sorry I am to hear you say so, miss; 'tis a pity that one so good as you should be without friends."

"I have friends, to whom I shall go—the money arising from this useless veil will take me to them, I hope," said Adriana, her voice and her spirits rising at the idea.

Mrs. Lucas said that she thought it rather too early to go out at present, the shops not being opened—and, the colour of modesty mantling her cheek as she spoke, she added something, in a hesitating way, of breakfast—and if Miss Hartley *could* condescend.

Adriana understood her, and, as she hoped to remunerate her for her trouble in disposing of the veil, she promptly and cheerfully partook her humble repast, trying to draw off her thoughts from herself, by talking to the two children, who stood beside her.

"Ah, you are very good to notice 'em," said Mrs. Lucas; "Jenny is old enough to make her observation upon things—and *she* will never forget the day as we first met you in the street; Jenny often tells of it."

"Where is little Jane?" asked Adriana.

"Why, ma'am, the lodger down below on the first floor is very ill—very ill indeed—and Jenny got up, and went down

to her, before you came in this morning: Jenny is very handy and very helpful."

"She's a good child, and I hope will grow up to be an assistance and comfort to you," said Adriana.

She then told Mrs. Lucas that she would remain in her apartment till her return—and that, if she succeeded in the sale of the veil, she should order a post-chaise for her, as it was necessary that she should not be seen in the streets; "And therefore," added she, "if any questions should be asked you concerning me, you had better not tell my name: I dislike all concealment—and, believe me, Mrs. Lucas, the necessity of my adopting it at present does not imply guilt—but I would avoid those who are my enemies."

"And can such a good young lady as

you have enemies?" asked Mrs. Lucas, as she tied on her bonnet—"what a *bad* world we live in! Well, your servant, miss; I will do as you require to a tittle, nor shall your name pass my lips. Ah, Anne and Sally, be good girls, and quiet, and *not* to disturb the lady. Well, you may throw your old shoe after me, for *good luck.*" And Sally directly slipped off her shoe, and gently flung it towards the door. "There, there, that will do, my girl—that will do," said the mother, as she smilingly turned round, and curtesied respectfully to Adriana.

CHAP. VI.

Our heroine seated herself on a low chair, and resolved patiently to await the return of her humble friend—but when two hours had elapsed from her departure, the anxiety and disquiet of Adriana began to arise,—Mrs. Lucas could not succeed—and in consequence she could not leave Bath. The thought was agony, and she leant her head on her hand, as her elbow rested on a table, and gave

way to the tears which she could no longer repress; but a foot was heard on the staircase, the latch of the door was lifted, and she eagerly looked round for Mrs. Lucas—but it was her daughter Jenny, who drew back on perceiving Adriana, but smilingly re-advanced on hearing her soft voice say, "Come in, little Jane."

"I was only looking for my mammy, ma'am; I thought she was here."

"Your mother is gone out, my dear."

"And *now*, then, I don't know what I *can* do!" said Jenny, clasping her hands together, in the most natural, yet the most feeling manner; "for you see, ma'am, Mrs. Smith, down below, is very bad indeed, and she wanted some of the emon and water—but there's no lemon

left; and so, while I ran out for one, I wanted my mammy to stop down with Mrs. Smith."

"Is there nobody with her?" asked Adriana.

"Not a soul but me, ma'am," said Jenny.

"Does Mrs. Smith keep her bed?" asked Adriana.

"Oh dear yes, ma'am."

"I cannot offer to go for the lemon, but I will take your place the while by the invalid," said Adriana; "for your mother is gone out upon my business."

"Dear ma'am, that *is* very good of you—I won't stay two minutes; this is the way down;" and preceding Adriana down the staircase, she turned to a door, and softly opening it, said, "There—go in there."

Adriana obeyed, and the little nurse went on her errand. The curtains of a checquered tent bed were closed, a partial light was emitted through the window, from numerous apertures in a piece of muslin, which had been placed to shade it; Adriana heard the quick and short breathings of the invalid, as she stole on tip-toe across the room.

"Mrs. Lucas," said she, in a low voice; "is that Mrs. Lucas?"

The heart of Adriana palpitated; she started, and went towards the bed.

"Oh, Mrs. Lucas, I am very, *very* ill!" and the sick person put aside the curtain with one hand, at the instant when Adriana reached the bed.

Adriana clasped the hand which was

stretched out—" Oh, my mother—my *dearest* mother!" said she.

Mrs. Hartley shrieked, and wildly lifting herself on the bed, flung her arms round her daughter's neck, and became senseless on her bosom.

It was now that Adriana's fortitude was required: she struggled with her own feelings to administer to the relief of her apparently dying parent. She had some eau de luce in her pocket, which she applied to the nose of her mother—and when, at length, she had gently laid her on her pillow, she looked around the room for some restorative—but, alas! in vain; nothing presented itself but a little herb-tea, with which she moistened the parched and feverish lips of the invalid.

In a few moments Mrs. Hartley opened her eyes, and turned them on her daughter—"I believe I have not lost my recollection," said she; "I have felt all that you have been doing for me—but weakness (and this continued fever which hangs about me) seems to keep me in a state which can hardly be termed existence. Adriana, my blessed child, who conducted you hither?"

"Providence," said Adriana, pressing the hand of her mother.

"A *merciful* Providence!" repeated Mrs. Hartley, emphatically, and lifting up her eyes.—*This look* of her mother, what comfort did it not pour into the heart of her daughter.—"And you will not leave me again, Adriana—will you, my child, during the few days I have *yet* to live?"

"Leave you!—never, Oh, never, my my mother! I will watch by you, I will comfort you, I will restore you to health!"

"Talk not thus, Adriana," said Mrs. Hartley; "even *you* must not wish for my life."

"Not *wish* for it!" said Adriana, as she held the hand of her mother.

"*Not* wish for it, Adriana;—but we will talk of this hereafter." And Adriana could discern that her mother wished for the lemon, which little Jane at that moment brought into the room. While Adriana was making the lemonade, she began to wonder that Mrs. Lucas was not returned—for now she had a more earnest wish than before to receive the value of her veil; for, alas! every thing

in her mother's apartment bespoke poverty and wretchedness, and Adriana wanted to dispatch Mrs. Lucas, as soon as she should come back, for a medical attendant of skill and knowledge; but Mrs. Lucas came not. Adriana stept aside, and sent Jane for a couple of jellies, and some other little articles, from the confectioner's, for the purchase of which she yielded her solitary half-guinea. Mrs. Hartley had fallen into a slumber, which proved to Adriana the weakness and debility of her frame, which could thus yield to the hurry and agitation which her spirits must necessarily have undergone in the foregoing scene. As Adriana sat by her bed-side, and anxiously watched the convulsive movements of her countenance, and

heard her quick and varied breathings, her suspence was wrought to agony at Mrs. Lucas's lengthened absence: her mother seemed expiring for want of assistance, and Adriana could not leave her; the loud sob of sorrow which stole from her full heart awoke Mrs. Hartley, who said, "You are there still, my dear child?" and put her hand out to hold Adriana's. Little Jane now arrived with the jellies, and Adriana, by gentle persuasions, tried to prevail on Mrs. Hartley to taste one; her arm supported her head, as she raised her, and with the other she was conveying the nourishment to the lips of her parched parent, when the door of the room was violently burst open, and Mrs. Lucas rushed in, and fell on her knees at the feet of Adriana—

"Oh, miss, I have not told: no, I have not told; I wou'dn't swear neither: Oh dear, miss, I have not told. Here's the mayor's officer now after me;" and a tall, hard-featured man followed her into the apartment. "I have been had to the town hall, miss, and catechised for a thief; they have detained the veil, and they have detained me, but they haven't had *your* name."

"My name is Hartley," said Adriana, calmly turning to the man, yet without leaving her position near her mother: "that woman is an honest, worthy creature; she tried to dispose of it at my—" Adriana drew her arm from under the neck of her mother—she let the jelly fall on the quilt—she fell on her knees at the feet of Mr. Falkland, who at that mo-

ment came into the room. Yes—at the feet of Mr. Falkland, who, trembling in every limb, leant over the bed; he clasped his hands in anguish, the big tear rolled down his cheek, the moisture hung on his temples, his lips quivered, his hair stood erect; he scarcely noticed Adriana, as he leant fearfully over the wreck of what was once Caroline Cosby. Mr. Falkland waved his hand; the mayor's officer quitted the room.

"Oh, Falkland!" shrieked out Mrs. Hartley, "you are come to take your revenge."

"Revenge, and Falkland?—Oh, you know him not—you know not his nature; he is the best, the kindest of men," cried Adriana—and she seized the hand of

Mr. Falkland, and carried it to her lips.

Some time elapsed ere either Mr. Falkland or Adriana were collected enough to give necessary directions concerning the invalid, who had covered her head with the bed-clothes, not daring to encounter the benign eye of Falkland.—He dispatched Mrs. Lucas for a physician, who fortunately happened to be at home, and immediately attended the summons; when he had visited the patient, Mr. Falkland followed him to the door, and having conversed with him a few minutes, he returned to Adriana, and said, in a low voice, taking her hand—"Dr. ——— is afraid to remove our poor invalid at present: I grieve to hear

this, on *your* account as well as her's, as there are no proper accommodations for either of you here; but we must not do any thing contrary to his opinion."

"Alas!" said Adriana, "I fear to *ask* his opinion!"

Mr. Falkland pressed her hand—"You are an exemplary young woman," said he; "you are doing all you can—we must leave the event in the hands of Providence," and his voice faltered as he said, "Adieu! I shall see you again in the afternoon."

Mrs. Lucas presently entered with all kinds of necessaries; the poor sufferer seemed a little recruited by the cordial julep prescribed by the physician—and

in this situation we shall leave them for a short time, while we account for the appearance of Mr. Falkland at Bath, and that so opportunely.

CHAP. VII.

THE absence of Adriana had been greatly missed in the little circle, amongst whom she had domesticated at the rectory, and by no one more than by Mr. Falkland; if his attachments were few, those that he *once* made were probably the more firmly rivetted on that very account; and when he lost sight of Adriana Hartley, he returned to his own tranquil seclusion, and seemed to feel a distaste

towards the rectory, which he did not attempt to remove. The situation of Adriana, he thought a very delicate and hazardous one for so young a girl; he believed her principles were likely to stand any trial; but would she preserve that natural manner, that simplicity of intention, that purity of mind, which was so rarely to be met with, and which had so beautifully marked her character? These questions he was constantly asking himself; he was as constantly reverting to the character of Mr. Hartley, and seeing the difficulty which would attend her resistance to the sophisms of the world, and the *false lights* in which he would teach her to view every passing object; he represented her, led to the sacrifice a second Iphigenia, while her

wealthy and worldly-minded husband should see nothing in her to admire, but *that* beauty which, in the eyes of Mr. Falkland, had been her smallest attraction; and it was in the midst of these reflections that a report reached him, which seemed to bear with it some appearance of truth, of Mr. Hartley's having engaged her to young Dawson.—Young Dawson had followed her to Bath; Mr. Dawson and Mr. Hartley had been on good terms in the country; the present report was said to have come immediately from the elder Mr. Dawson. Mr. Falkland ordered his horse, and went over to the rectory—Mrs. Selwyn received him with friendly cordiality, and, according to her usual custom, did not enquire the reason of his late ab-

sence : Falkland took a chair near Mrs. Selwyn, and very soon led to the subject with which his heart was fraught. Mrs. Selwyn had heard the report also, and believed that it was the wish of both the fathers to complete this union, but said she was sure that Adriana would never consent to such a sacrifice—Mr. Falkland sighed, "What a pity that she should have such a father," said he; "her duty will be exposed to a hazardous trial, perhaps she will voluntarily offer her own happiness at the shrine of fillial duty!"

"I think Adriana has discernment enough to look into her father's character," said Mrs. Selwyn, "and she will see the futility of making herself miserable without benefiting him—from the

bottom of my heart I wish Miss Hartley well married, her situation is very critical,—I do not like her intimacy with Lady Maybury; his lordship's character, with regard to our sex, is well known; he is a man of no principle, and I have heard—"

"What have you heard?" asked Falkland, impatiently.

"That he appears to pay great attention to our Adriana."

"And can *our* Adriana lend him her ear?" asked Mr. Falkland, the most bitter expression over-spreading his countenance.

"No, I think not," replied Mrs. Selwyn; "but the world may lend him its *eyes*, and it is too prone to see things in the worst light—I repeat it, therefore, Mr. Falkland, from the bottom of my

heart, I wish I could see Adriana happily married!"

"I have half a mind," (Mr. Falkland paused)—"you will laugh at me, Mrs. Selwyn, I dare say; you will think me infected by a quixotic spirit; a recluse and a solitary being, as I have been so many years: *if I* were to go to Bath, would you not laugh at me?"

"No! I would *bless* you," said Mrs. Selwyn, with warmth.

"What, if I were to get your Adriana a good husband?"

"*Would* that you would make her *one* yourself!" said Mrs. Selwyn, as half-laughingly she turned her arch countenance towards that of Mr. Falkland; the sallow cheek of Falkland was suffused by the deepest crimson, his eyes were hastily withdrawn from the piercing

glance of Mrs. Selwyn; he threw them on the ground, he held by the back of the chair at which he stood, the crimson of his cheek faded to a deadly pale—as he said,

"*I* make her one—preposterous idea! Mrs. Selwyn, what are you talking of?" And he hastily walked towards the window, and, after a few minutes' silence, turned the conversation to another subject; yet, before he took his leave, he declared his serious intention of going to Bath.

"I am an independent being," said he; "few occurrences, and few people, have now the power of interesting me; when I feel the desire of being serviceable, I should certainly encourage it—I may be useful to this young creature,

at any rate I will watch her unobserved, and unknown; and if I see an opportunity of befriending her, I shall then be at hand to offer my assistance!"

The fervent pressure of Mrs. Selwyn's hand spoke volumes to Mr. Falkland—but as he rode off from the rectory, and distinguished the turrets of the manor rising from the vale beneath, he let his reins fall on the neck of his horse, and rested some minutes.

"Preposterous idea!" was again breathed from his lips as he resumed the reins, and continued his ride.—Mr. Falkland had an old acquaintance in Bath, a matter-of-fact man, who, being a decided bachelor, came there every season

to spend his superfluous cash, to play whist with antiquated dowagers and spinsters, to retail the common place occurrences of the day, and to see the beauties of the place; on this gentleman he called, and from him (who heard all the news, and repeated it again) he soon gathered a good deal concerning Adriana, without being suspected of having any thing more than a common interest in the enquiry—the reports were various; he said, Miss Hartley was known to be the daughter of a professed gambler; Mr. Hartley had been playing a losing game that winter; it was confidently said, that his daughter was to be the wife of Mr. Dawson, yet this seemed no barrier to the gallant attentions of Lord Maybury, which were very

public and very particular. Sir Lionel Herbert, a young baronet, of good character, fortune, and great respectability, had been observed to pay Miss Hartley more attention than he did to any of the other Bath belles, but he had kept aloof when he understood the nature of her engagement with Dawson, and had not been in Bath for some time; while the nuptials between Miss Hartley and Dawson were spoken of, as being in a high state of forwardness, and though the lady did not seem very much exhilarated with the prospect of the happiness which awaited her, and though she had fainted on the arm of Lord Maybury at the Monday's ball, after she had danced her minuet with him, and when the particularity of his behaviour had been

evident to all beholders, yet Dawson seemed perfectly easy, and made no secret of his intended marriage. Mr. Otway spoke of the masquerade, which was to be given by Lady Maybury on that evening, and mentioned as a proof of her inattention to common forms; "The promiscuous throng of company which would be introduced from her careless distribution of tickets, and which he thought might have unpleasant consequences; but her ladyship could laugh off any thing and every thing, and the more eccentric the better it suited her disposition."—Falkland had heard enough, he easily procured a ticket by a golden remuneration to the person who accommodated him; and going to the house of a person, who furnished habits

for the night, he was looking out his dress of a pilgrim, when, at the same time, he accidentally cast his eyes upon the habit of a Don Quixote's, ticketted, "For Sir Lionel Herbert." The man hastily covered it over, as his eyes followed Mr. Falkland's; but Falkland had learnt all he wished, he hoped to discover Adriana, and in that case he could make his own remarks on the behaviour of the knight of La Mancha towards her.—Mr. Falkland had previously heard Sir Lionel Herbert well spoken of, and he sincerely hoped that Miss Hartley might have made herself an interest in his heart.

"And how can it be otherwise?" sighed he; "the simplicity—the lively intelligence—the naivette of Adriana, so different from the gewgaw rows of misses

that meet me in shoals in these streets: How can she fail of making herself an interest in *every* heart?"

Falkland sighed, and the "*preposterous idea*" of Mrs. Selwyn was on the point of recurring again to his imagination; neither the dazzling lights at Lady Maybury's, or the confused and mingling voices deprived our pilgrim of his self-possession, he looked around him with a scrutinizing eye, and in the modest peasant habit of Dame Palmer, he presently discovered the chaste simplicity of Adriana—here was proof of an unadulterated taste, which flashed with conviction on the mind of Falkland. Adriana was unchanged, she was still the same in sentiment and principle, as he

had beheld her amidst the shades of Hartley; and under the influence of this opinion, he addressed her. The ingenuousness of her answers, so entirely divested of disguise, delighted him, and he quitted her for the present, with perfect security in the rectitude of her conduct; he was pleasad to observe the knight of La Mancha attach himself to her, and, in the course of the evening, he heard enough drop from the lips of the loquacious little nun, (who could not easily make her broad-brimmed companion comprehend her meaning, and was consequently called upon for an explanation and a repetition at several different times) to give him a perfect knowledge of the intended elopement, and assuming the gift of prescience, he boldly

affirmed that Adriana would be freed from that period, from the prosecutions of Dawson ; he thought he had gathered her sentiments with regard to Sir Lionel Herbert, and believed that the chivalrous knight would now see an open field before him—but a caution with respect to the Apollo Belvedere, he judged not altogether unnecessary, especially as he had heard, from more than one person, animadversions made on his particular attentions to the bride elect of Mr. Dawson; and had perceived that, notwithstanding the seeming hilarity of the Goddess of Folly, her eyes were constantly on the watch for the Apollo—the thankful and interested attention with which Adriana heard him, was at once gratifying and painful to the feelings of Falk-

land ; he dared not discover himself, his conduct would carry with it an appearance so romantic and singular, that it was not to be thought of; besides, he had no acquaintance with her father, he wished not to have any, and if he would be known to the daughter, he could not be a stranger to her father ; *that* father, whom he had seen joining a set of gamblers, who, madly bent on play, retired at midnight from the haunts of revelry and mirth, to celebrate their rites !—The pilgrim took his leave of Adriana, impressed with perfect confidence in the rectitude of her conduct, yet deeply pitying her for being so closely allied to Mr. Hartley. Mr. Falkland continued in Bath, he heard of the elopement of Dawson with Miss Pemberton, as he had

expected; and also that Mr. Hartley had lost a considerable sum, and had been obliged to leave Bath immediately, and that his daughter had sought an asylum under the roof of Lord Maybury, notwithstanding that she had fainted the night of the masquerade, from the jealous rage of her ladyship at finding her *tete-a-tete* with her lord.—Falkland did not give credit to *all* these reports, when he watched Adriana and Lady Maybury at the ball, and apparently on such terms of amity the succeeding evening—the close assiduity of Sir Lionel Herbert could not be mistaken, he thought, and he would have returned again to the country, only that while Adriana remained under the roof of Lord Maybury, he could not consider her as perfectly

safe. The disappearance of Sir Lionel Herbert was a new topic for Bath; it was said that he had found out an intimacy between Miss Hartley and Lord Maybury, and that he had left the place place in disgust. Falkland was miserable at such a surmise; he did not believe it; yet how could his doubts and his fears be dissipated but by Adriana? And how could he go to Lord Maybury's? What right had he to pry into the conduct of Miss Hartley?—When Adriana had last gone out with Lady Maybury, Falkland had caught a transient view of her countenance, and her faded cheek, the dead lustre of her late sparkling eye, had affixed a pang at his heart; he determined to present himself at the crescent, but no resolution could be attained on

that day, or on the one which succeeded it. The next morning he could no longer bear the anxiety which tormented him; he went to the crescent; the knocker of Lord Maybury's door was muffled; he remembered the sick hue of Adriana's cheek.

"How is she?" he eagerly asked the servant.

"My lady is something better, Sir."

"Your lady! I asked for Miss Hartley, friend."

"She left this house, Sir, at break of day!"

"How! When! Where is she gone?"

"Indeed I know not, Sir—'tis a sad and a shameful business altogether; but to the end of my days I shall persist in believing Miss Hartley innocent."

"Innocent!" said Falkland, clasping his hands together; "innocent! angels are not more pure, more spotless than Adriana Hartley! Oh, Adriana! and is it then come to this!"—He then eagerly asked for the history of her flight; the man was alarmed at the wildness of his manner, but could tell him no more than he knew, viz.

"That she left the house alone, and on foot, before any of the family were stirring that morning."

Falkland could stay no longer; he rushed from the house, and ran towards the pump-room, in hopes of meeting Mr. Otway. On his road he met Mrs. Lucas, attended by the mayor's officer: The poor woman had been taken to the

town-hall, on suspicion of her having stolen the veil which she had offered for sale; she acknowledged that it was not her own property, but obstinately persisted in with-holding the name of her employer; this pertinacity, together with her *business*, afforded great cause of suspicion; yet, on the other hand, her tears, the readiness with which she answered to all other questions which were put to her, and her being known to some by-standers as a poor woman who had hitherto maintained an honest name, moved the feelings of the worthy chief magistrate in her favor, and he consented to her request, and ordered one of his men to attend her to her lodging, where she said the owner of the veil was to be found: this did not appear very likely,

but her manner seemed so free from guile, that she was permitted to go, and as she went through the streets her piteous appearance attracted the attention of Mr. Falkland; he accosted her attendant, and having been made acquainted with the story, he was impelled to follow her, and thus made his unexpected and almost providential appearance at the bedside of Mrs. Hartley, as we have previously related.

CHAP. VIII.

All that the most duteous attention and the fondest care could do was performed on the succeeding week by Adriana; the friendship and the kind exertions of Mr. Falkland were unbounded; he forestalled the wishes of Adriana in procuring every comfort and every accommodation for the invalid. Old Martha Browne had been summoned by him from the manor, and the good crea-

ture had attended the bidding of ' Squire Falkland;" but he was obliged to have a long conversation with her, and to let her vent all the emotions of her full heart, on hearing the change which had taken place in the situation and the health of her once "dear Miss Cosby,' ere he could suffer her to occupy the post which he had sent for her to fill. Mrs. Selwyn had written a kind and consolatory letter to Adriana, by Martha—the illness of the good rector alone prevented her from being Martha's companion to Bath; and in such a situation our heroine had every comfort which it would admit—but, alas! her mother was sinking into the grave; she was going to leave her for ever, now when she had become dearer to the heart of her daughter than she had ever felt

her—for the proud exultation of Mrs. Hartley, as she had seen her in London, was now humbled under the consciousness of deserved suffering; her penitence was sincere, and the gratitude with which she received every offered kindness from her daughter was expressed in actions and words so truly tender and maternal, that Adriana thought the residue of her life would be well bestowed in such cares and such duties; but they must cease with the life of their object, and that this would be within a few days appeared evident even to the sanguine mind of Adriana.

Mrs. Hartley had not seen Mr. Falkland since the day when he so unexpectedly came into her presence; the woman

of the house had given up a room adjoining, where he frequently waited to see Adriana, and to hear the report of her mother's health—too delicate to intrude into the sick chamber, unless authorized to do so by the express desire of the invalid.

One evening Mrs. Hartley called Adriana to her, and said, "My child, do you know where to address a letter to your father?"

Adriana answered, that she knew he was in London, but no further.

"Write to him, my Adriana, and get Mr. Falkland to send it for you, and have it delivered if possible; I have deeply injured Mr. Hartley—I should die more tranquilly if I had received his

forgiveness. Do this immediately, my love—for I *think*, Adriana, I have no time to lose."

Adriana complied with her mother's request, and consigned the letter into the hands of Mr. Falkland, who immediately inclosed it in one to a friend, with an earnest desire that he would spare no trouble in finding out, and delivering it to the person to whom it was addressed. Actively useful, Mr. Falkland left nothing undone which could promote the comfort of Mrs. Hartley; he heard all the fears of Adriana respecting her mother, his tears mingled with her's, and she received a solace and a support from his sympathy far superior to the common forms of consolation—while the zealous and warm-hearted Martha now tried to

raise her young lady's hopes, and as speedily demolished them when she perceived any turn in Mrs. Hartley's disorder—a favourable one could not ultimately be expected; a fever had long preyed on her constitution—she had taken cold, which had increased it, and her languid and debilitated frame, and the anxiety of her mind, had been too sure materials for the disorder to work upon: nothing could raise the tone of her nerves, nothing could renovate her failing strength—calm and collected, she said little, but her thankful gratitude and speaking affection were marked in every look which she cast on her daughter. "My dearest Adriana," said she, one evening, "sit down by me—I have long wished to speak to you. It is a

hard duty, my child," said she, hesitating, " but it is one which I owe to you, to myself, and to my God ! Shall I be ashamed to confess those crimes which I was not ashamed to commit? Oh fie fie on me—have I still so much of this vain self-love remaining ? The faults in my temper and in my heart had their origin in myself. My mother doated on me—*but*, had she mixed correction with indulgence, I *might* have been— Alas ! thus it is by this sophistry we argue, and try to extenuate at the very instant of confession. You know the history of my mother; you have doubtless heard from Martha Browne, how relentless, how obdurate her parent was to her, and that his resentment extended to her innocent offspring. Vain of my personal

beauty, I grew up under the auspices of my mother, and was admired as a village queen amongst my playfellows and companions. I decorated my person, I attended to those outward accomplishments which dazzle the eye, but I neglected, or rather was a stranger to those solid acquirements which better the heart: flattered by the notice and partial affection of him who *then* shone amidst all who surrounded him, as much as he does *now* in a vain and trifling world, I accepted his addresses, and, because my vanity was gratified by his preference, I fancied I loved him; till, in the form of your father, I perceived all the graces of fashion and spirited elegance, of which till then I had never formed an idea; he talked to me of *that* world to which he

would conduct me—a *world* formed on his model: the perspective was enchanting!—you know the rest. The retrospect of this period of my life is too dreadful to dwell upon; for, seeing it as I do *now*, the mischief of my conduct seems *slight* in the comparison, when afterwards I trampled on every law, human and divine, and became an adultress! Yes, Adriana—for *then* I was amenable to the law; then I was deservedly stigmatized and contemned by the respectable part of society; *then* my crime bore its punishment with it, and the horrors of conscience held me in living torture; but for the *former* offence, not punishment, but *honours* were awarded; I was received with open arms into the world—I was flattered, compli-

mented, almost deified, whilst I had rudely snapt asunder the tender ties of affection, ruined the happiness of the worthiest being in existence, deprived a wife of a tender husband, children of an exemplary father, society of an ornament and support. All this I had done—for Mr. Falkland *never* made a second choice. Ah! how could he, so deeply injured, so cruelly wounded, by a girl who, bred in solitude, he concluded to have been simple and unsophisticated! could he attempt his success, where, *trained* to deceive, he might expect to meet with similar treatment? The virtue of Mr. Falkland is exemplary—he has been a recluse, but not an inactive, not a churlish one; but for all his hours of solitary wretchedness, for all his moments

of anguish, his days of tasteless apathy, I feel myself accountable; I made a wreck of his peace of mind; I basely threw away the pearl of his love, when the bright dawn which beamed around his head gave promise of a future glorious day! *His* character has been thrown into shade by me, when it was calculated to light the world. Judge then, my Adriana, if I could meet his countenance, as glowing with benevolence and compassion, he turned it towards me—till that moment—ah, that moment, 'he heaped coals of fire on this wretched head.' The fashionable vortex in which I was immerged in London soon took from me all the reason which I had left, and the mad career which I ran through would make your

head giddy, and your heart sick, if I were to describe. I was universally the *fashion*, and of course had acquired, with envied notoriety, the right to be as extravagant and ridiculous as possible; I could do nothing wrong, and every piece of dress, from the cap to the slipper, had the name of Hartley affixed to it for two successive winters: of course my husband's fortune suffered for this distinction; but, while he had the *means* of supplying me, I must do him the justice of saying he never complained. In about eighteen months after marriage, we were the most indifferent, yet the most *amicable* couple in the polite world; Mr. Hartley never lost sight of his complaisance, he generally fell in with my wishes, and we chimed together in think-

ing a distant school the best place for a child, who must be a great trouble if with us. Of my mother I took very little notice; I made my maid answer all her letters, and tell her of my health, and that I was the happiest of the happy. Careless and unreflecting, my life passed on without my performance of any duty of nature or religion which had been enjoined me, and my beauty was on the wane, and the fortune of Mr. Hartley much injured, when Mr. Harcourt arrived from India. Ah! spare me the recital of a tale of infamy—I was jealous of your opening charms, Adriana; yes, I was jealous of my own daughter—Hartley had refused to supply my expences; I had lost money to Harcourt—he knew how to make the 'worst appear

the better reason.' I fled from the artless and affectionate caresses of my child, I fled with an insidious seducer, I voluntarily consigned myself to ruin. We pretended to go to France, merely as a feint to deceive Mr. Hartley, but we bent our course to the lakes of Cumberland; but the charms of nature and of scenery were indifferent to Harcourt—his mind had long been vitiated; his manners were insinuating, but his sentiments were gross—his opinions arbitrary, and his disposition selfish and severe; he was fit for the sultan of the harem; but I felt my spirit roused at the idea of being even a favourite *slave*;—I that had been independent, free, and popular—I that had given the lead to fashion, the tone to its caprice—to what was I now sunk?

—merely to the creature of Harcourt's pleasure—the toy for his amusement. We went to Harrowgate, and there remained some time, when, tired of any place which afforded less dissipation than the metropolis, Harcourt proposed returning thither: this I strenuously refused doing; I knew Mr. Hartley was in France, but I could not resolve to brave the eyes of my former acquaintances. Harcourt soon relaxed from every appearance of civility; and wishing to get rid of me, he provoked me to a rupture, and throwing me a hundred guineas, he bade me farewell, and left me. My bosom was bursting with mortified pride, at being obliged to accept his money—but I had no alternative—and taking my maid with me, I came to this place; how

great was my surprise to find that you were in Bath, and with your father. I passed by a feigned name, and lived very retired in lodgings which I procured on the north parade; yet still I had opportunities of hearing of your beauty, of your father's continuance in his fatal habit of play, and also of the particular notice with which you were regarded by Lord Maybury, a man whose character was generally notorious for its libertinism and profligacy. It was now that reflection first forced itself on my mind; I dreaded that fate for my child for which I had paved the way by my example; conscience now pierced my breast with its acutest horrors. Adriana's ruin might perhaps have its origin in me!—*I* had neglected the duties of a mother—*I* had

defied those of a wife—and in the agony of my soul I fell on my knees, and the first prayer which issued from my lips was in behalf of my child."

Mrs. Hartley pressed the hand of Adriana as she said these words, and Adriana bent her head over the bed, and bathed that of her mother with her tears.

CHAP. IX.

"It was now," continued Mrs. Hartley, "that a strange fancy took possession of my mind; I determined to see my daughter, to see her in public, and to remain concealed myself. I well remembered the natural simplicity of her manners, the chastened modesty of her deportment; I thought I could judge partly from the exterior whether she was still uncorrupted by the world—whether she

was affected by Lord Maybury's attentions—in fact, whether she was the child of virtue or the slave of vice. Partly concealing my features by a head-dress, composed of a long veil, I joined a lady who lodged in the same house with me, and who knew me only as Mrs. Smith, and accompanied her to the ball, for the master of the ceremonies; for some time I sought in vain for my Adriana: Lady Maybury had danced her minuet; the praise and the applause which she received from all the surrounding spectators was lost upon me—I was looking with a mother's longing for my child—at length she came!—with all the blushing beauties of modesty and diffidence, I saw her led out by Lord Maybury, who appeared to me at that moment as the most

dangerous of created beings. 'Speak ye who best can tell.' Ye mothers say, what were the heart-rending feelings which I experienced at this sight?—every look which Lord Maybury cast on you was a dagger affixed in my bosom. When he smiled, I could have rushed forwards to have snatched you from him; and though I saw not a glance of your's which angels might not have beheld with pleasure, yet I eagerly bent forwards to watch your every movement; and *then*, Oh Heavens! I witnessed the last retreating tint of crimson vanish from your countenance; I marked the interesting, the politely tender manner in which Lord Maybury supported your drooping form, and bore you to another part of the crowded room.—'Fainted in his arms!'

—'What will Lady Maybury say to this?'—'Oh, she is a fashionable wife.'—'She is used to these little accidents.'—'She can wink at the little faux pas of her lord; by and bye she will expect the same politeness on his part.' Ah, Adriana, these were the speeches which were uttered in my hearing: I could stay no longer; the place was insupportable to me—I could not breathe. On pretence of sudden indisposition, (I should not say pretence) I hurried home, determined to leave no means unessayed to procure a ticket for the masquerade which I was told Lady Maybury intended to give the succeeding night, and there to find an opportunity of speaking to you. With great difficulty I succeeded in getting a ticket of admission,

as my application was so late that tickets were generally disposed of. At a very late hour I went to the Crescent, in the habit of a Madona ; it was some time ere I discovered you amongst the motley groupe, and you were then deeply engaged in conversation with a pilgrim, who had neither the air or the figure of Lord Maybury; I patiently waited for him to leave you, but his place was instantly occupied by a Belvedere Apollo. I asked some of the surrounding masks if the Apollo was not supposed to be Lord Maybury?—I was answered in the affirmative. He sought you out apart from the rest of the company—he was engrossing your private ear. My feelings were roused to a pitch of phrenzy ; I ran wildly towards you—I know not

what I said, nor what I did—the emotions of my heart overpowered me when you fell senseless into the arms of Lord Maybury! I now perceived that I had caused a general alarm, and that I was myself becoming a general object of curiosity; I pushed through the crowd, and made the best of my way home, disordered in mind and body. The chill of the night-air had then a powerful and fatal effect on my fevered frame; I was nearly exhausted when I entered my lodgings. I asked for Davers to assist me into bed; she was gone out—it was of no use to wait for her. Davers had long taken upon herself the entire disposal of her time; she had been the confidante and the abettor of my follies and my vices—and she daily and hourly

made me feel that she had been so, by the exercise of that petty and taunting species of tyranny which little minds usually exert over those whose secrets they have held in their keeping. I could not part with Davers; she was the only friend I had—*(friend!*—alas! Adriana, what a misnomer was such a term applied to her!)—but I deeply repented the having made her so necessary to me, by having put myself into her power. I crawled into bed; in the morning I awoke heavy and unrefreshed, my temples throbbing and my pulse beating—my fever was greatly increased; I rang my bell—the maid of the house attended its summons:—'Send Davers to me.'—'She has not been at home all night, ma'am.' Ah, my dearest Adriana, I will

not recapitulate this climax of my distress:—Davers had gone off—she had robbed me of every thing which I had possessed, which was portable—and I was left sick, comfortless, and broken-hearted, with only five guineas in my pocket; I owed more than three of them for the lodgings I was occupying—I immediately resolved to quit them; so discharging my debt to my landlady, I crawled out in quest of some obscure shelter, where I might lay me down and die, unnoticed and unknown. I came to this house, where I daily got worse—worse in body, my child, but better, *far* better, in mind. I have on this humble pillow had time given me to reflect on all the sins which have stained my guilty days; I have bathed it with my contrite

tears, and I have lifted up my heart in secret to Him who has graciously promised to hear all those who call upon upon Him, and who desireth not the death of a sinner; *He* has heard me—He brought me to my child, my Adriana, in the moment of bitter suffering, and she has soothed the bed of sickness with her pious care. I am thankful to Heaven for this His great mercy!—I shall now die in peace."

"Oh, say not so, dearest mother," said Adriana.

"Alas! my dear girl, *you* must not wish my life;—look around you, Adriana, and see if such a prospect could exhibit one cheering gleam to me:—A husband whom I have disgraced and forsaken—a daughter whom I could not

suffer to reside with me, although my heart is knit to her by the dearest, *strongest* ties, confident that in her intercourse with me her character would suffer in the opinion of the world—for the innocent must not hold contact with the guilty. And ah! Adriana, how do I know that, with returning health and renovating strength, my present penitent resolutions might continue; my old habits might return upon me—the world might again put forth its charms—I might—(for feeble are the resolves of frail humanity)—I might again become its slave."

Adriana could not speak—she sobbed beside her mother.

After a period of silence, Mrs. Hartley requested her daughter to give her the history of her appearance in her chamber. Adriana complied; but she did not think it necessary to *detail* the insults she had received either from Lord or Lady Maybury—but said, in general terms, that her father's long absence and continued silence, added to the unpleasantness of feeling herself an uninvited guest in Lord Maybury's family, had determined her to leave Bath, but that her finances being nearly exhausted, she had no means of going unless she disposed of some useless ornament, and that having previously known something of Mrs. Lucas, she had called upon her, bringing with her a lace veil—and while the poor woman had gone out to try to sell it, at

the desire of little Jane, she had come to sit for a few minutes in that room, while the youthful nurse had gone to purchase a lemon.

Mrs. Hartley daily grew worse, and was become very anxious to hear from her husband at the intervals of her being awake; but her dozings were very frequent, and her declining hours appeared to be free from pain; Adriana never quitted the room but to speak to Mr. Falkland.

One day that the long sleep of Mrs. Hartley had began to alarm her daughter, lest she should wake no more, she was sent for by Mr. Falkland: the swoln eyes of Adriana told him the state of her

mother, without asking the question. He took her hand, and put her into a chair: a letter lay on the table—"A letter?" said Adriana; "you have, then, a letter from my father, Mr. Falkland?—Oh, what comfort for my poor mother!"

"No, I have not—*indeed* I have not," said he, shaking his head, as he hastily caught up the letter, and put it into his pocket—at the same time averting his countenance from Adriana's piercing look of enquiry. She hastily sprang from the chair, and catching his hand, looked up in his face; tears trembled in his eyes—"Oh, Mr. Falkland, speak! You *have* something to tell me!—my papa refuses to come;—but if it be so, pray, *pray* now, Mr. Falkland," and she

clasped her beseeching hands together; "*pray* tell me, for I believe I can *now* bear any thing!"

"My sweet Adriana," said Falkland, "I know you are a surprising girl—and —and I—"

"And what?" asked Adriana; "do not hesitate; *dear* Mr. Falkland, do not hesitate, I beg of you—for my mama will wake, and then I *cannot* hear you;—and now, pray—I *beseech* you—" and she fell on her knees at his feet—"I *conjure* you, tell me."

Falkland bent fondly over her, but he lifted his handkerchief to his eyes; then gently raising her, said—"Your father, Mr. Hartley, is not able to come down."

"Not able?" said Adriana, looking

with eagerness up to his face; "say he *will* not, Mr. Falkland."

"No, on my life, my *soul*, he cannot."

Adriana put her hand to her forehead; "Tell me all—I beseech you, tell me all, nor keep me in this agony of suspense!"

Falkland essayed to speak; he said, with a voice subdued by emotion, "Mr. Hartley is ill, my dearest Adriana; he has met with Mr. Harcourt in town—and—and at the moment my friend found him out, he—"

"He is *dead!*" said Adriana, interrupting him; "yes, I see, I *know* he is dead. Oh, Mr. Falkland," and she almost threw herself herself into his arms, "teach me how to bear this surprising, this overwhelming shock, and not to let

my mother know it," said she, lowering her voice almost into a whisper.

"My amiable Miss Hartley, *I* can teach *you* nothing," said Falkland, as he strained her fervently to his breast; "your conduct surpasses every thing I have yet seen in human nature."

Adriana heard him not—she sobbed on his shoulder in speechless agony—till recollecting her situation, and that her mother would probably wake in a minute, and ask for her, she begged that she might be permitted to see the letter, assuring Mr. Falkland of her firm resolution to bear the perusal with composure. Falkland gave it to her—it merely contained the intelligence which he had communicated. Mr. Falkland's friend

had, for three days, vainly endeavoured to find out Mrs. Hartley's residence; at the moment of his fancied success, he had met him brought to his own door a lifeless corpse, killed in a duel by Mr. Harcourt, who had immediately sought his safety in flight.

"I will not tell my mama, my mama must never know—No! she shall *never* know it," sighed Adriana, softly whispering, while Falkland's eyes were intently fixed on her, in speechless admiration of that perfect forgetfulness of self which was displayed by our heroine, even in this hour of bitter trial!—Mrs. Lucas now ran into the room,

"I believe she is near gone, Ma'am; she is awake, but you had better come

in if you wish to see her once more alive!"

Adriana ran with a swiftness almost supernatural, as she heard these words—Falkland followed her—Death had already taken possession of the once beautiful countenance of Mrs. Hartley; she took the hand of Adriana, and gently grasped it in her's, "My love—my dear, *dear* child, may the Almighty shower down its choicest blessings on your head for your goodness to me!" Is that Mr. Falkland! and she took his hand and joined it with Adriana's.

"Generous, much-injured Falkland, be her friend—continue to be the friend of Adriana!"

"Whilst I have life—whilst I have *breath*," said Falkland, fervently, and bending one knee to the ground. A convulsive struggle passed over the features of Mrs. Hartley, it was succeeded by a placid smile—she closed her eyes to open them *no more!*

CHAP. X.

THE death of our friends is the sorest trial to which humanity is subject, but Adriana had lost her two only relations at once; the circumstances attending the death of her father were awful in the extreme, and though the last hours of her mother, her penitence and her patient suffering had been calculated to convey all the comfort to the bosom of Adriana, which she could passibly derive; yet was

there so much to lament in the review of her past life, and so much to bewail in the fatal exit of her father, her strength and her spirits had been so severely tried, and had now received so rude and unexpected a shock, that she resigned herself to the indulgence of sorrow, and received no consolation even from Mr. Falkland, who, unwearied in his endeavours, was active in her concerns when out of her presence, and a sincere sympathizer in her affliction, when admitted into it—with the assistance of his friend in London, he had taken on himself to order all that was necessary with regard to the interment of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, whose remains, by the desire of Adriana, were both to be deposited at the same time in the family vault at the Manor. Mrs.

Selwyn arrived the day before the corpse of Mrs. Hartley was to be removed from Bath; Adriana had insisted on quitting it also, and Mr. Falkland had requested Mrs. Selwyn to come up and accompany the fair orphan back to the rectory, an asylum which was eagerly held out to her by its worthy inhabitants. Mr. Falkland meant himself to attend the funeral procession in a mourning chariot.—Adriana wept in the arms of Mrs. Selwyn, the idea of all she had suffered since she had last received the embrace of her warm-hearted friend, almost over-powered her—Mrs. Selwyn sought not to check her emotions, but mingled her tears with hers! Adriana and Mrs. Selwyn, accompanied by the faithful Martha Browne, reached the rectory in safety,

and Adriana was pressed with parental affection to the bosom of the good rector; and the funeral over, she yielded herself to that melancholy which her friends sought not to interrupt at present, convinced that the natural elasticity of her mind, and the strength of her understanding, would soon show her the necessity of exertion. Adriana had, soon after their meeting in Bath, given Mr. Falkland an ingenuous detail of the causes which had urged her to fly so suddenly from Lady Maybury; and fired with generous indignation, and burning with the desire of vindicating the unsullied purity of her character, Falkland had gone to the Crescent to demand her trunks, and to desire an interview with Lord Maybury.—His lordship re-

ceived him alone: without the least preface or hesitation Mr. Falkland entered on the business of his visit, and in an earnest, manly, yet dispassionate manner, he represented to Lord Maybury the unmanly cruelty of his behaviour to Miss Hartley; he bade him consider the injury which her character had necessarily sustained from her having been obliged to quit his house in so abrupt a manner, alone, and unprotected; and he called upon him, as a man of honor and a gentleman, to vindicate the fair fame of Miss Hartley to Lady Maybury, and to the world!

At first Lord Maybury was inclined to be sullen and imperious; but when he marked the steady and decisive purpose

of Falkland, he perceived that it would be of no avail to prevaricate, or to give him an indirect answer.—Mr. Falkland did not come to enter into a quarrel, or to stake his life against that of this worthless nobleman; he came as the champion of the oppressed, as the zealous asserter of those laws of hospitality and morality, which he had greatly infringed – and he did not quit him till his lordship had made an ample apology for his behaviour, and confessed that it had been the cause of great and continued domestic unhappiness.

"Faith, Miss Hartley has been well revenged in the life I have led since she fled," said his lordship; "a jealous wife is certainly the very devil! and now her

ladyship has once shown the cloven foot, she does not seem willing to hide it again." Mr. Falkland advised him to let nothing in his future conduct give Lady Maybury any cause to suspect his fealty.

"Remember," said Lord Maybury, "that trifles light as air, to the jealous mind, are confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ!—I suppose you would have me make a covenant with mine eyes, and not look upon a beautiful woman!"

"Remember that you entered into a sacred covenant with Lady Maybury, my lord, at the altar; a covenant which *you* may break, but which Heaven alone can disannul!—The weakness of

Lady Maybury has its origin in her affection —if you were to think of this, my lord, your self-love will be gratified, and your vanity will be flattered, even by her ladyship's weakness."

Lord Maybury bowed his head sceptically, "thank you, thank you, Sir;" and Mr. Falkland quitted him, sincerely pitying the situation of Lady Maybury, who had thrown away her fortune and affections on a man, who estimated the former in proportion only to the gratifications it produced him, and the latter only as a source of disgust!

Lady Maybury's health had suffered from the strong passions which had stormed in her breast; and humoured and petted, with doating fondness by Mrs. Hambleton, and laughed at, or treated with cool indifference, by her lord, her temper grew

more wayward and fretful every day, and even Mrs. and Miss Pemberton were frequently the sufferers from her capricious and uncertain disposition. She had heard that Adriana was occupied in attending the sick bed of her mother; she had felt the injustice of her suspicions with regard to her, and the unfeeling and cruel rudeness with which she had treated her: She understood that Mrs. Hartley had been found by her daughter in the humblest haunts of poverty, and it could not but strike Lady Maybury, that in such a situation the comfort of a female friend of respectability in the world, would be unspeakable to Adriana; but alas! the acknowledgment of error formed no part of Lady Maybury's code of morals: she was sorry she had

injured Miss Hartley, but she saw no necessity for telling her so; if she was innocent, she was yet dangerous, for Lord Maybury had felt the power of her charms; by renewing an intercourse with her, she should be exposing her husband to fresh temptations, and therefore it was her *duty* to avoid her; such was the sophistry with which this young woman had learnt to palliate her conduct; and in such sophistry did Mrs. and Miss Pemberton encourage her; yet Lady Maybury was much altered—the happy, the volatile, the unthinking Cecilia Oakley, a countenance replete with sunny smiles, a heart as light as her form was airy, was no more to be seen—Lady Maybury's vivacity was forced, her smiles were put on with her colour when she went into company; in her hours of re-

tirement her countenance was the index of her mind, and gloomy suspicion there brooded without controul.

At the commencement of her acquaintance with Adriana she had said, "She must learn to inure herself to disappointments; for that she believed 'a real and *true serious* one' would be more than she could bear."—With all her wishes gratified, how was it possible for Lady Maybury to *think* of disappointments, much less could she *inure* herself to them; she loved her husband with all that passionate vehemence which charac terized her temper, and it was a real and *true serious* evil to *know* that her affection was not returned; neither did she go the way to conciliate his love; pointed

retorts, and inuendoes, oblique attacks, and watchful and scrutinizing looks, were not proper arms to wield on a man who solely sought his own ease and pleasure, and who, while he kept up an *appearance* of decent behaviour, thought he was fulfilling the duties of the domestic station to the utmost extent of the law. Disgusted with the teazing and under-bred manners of Mrs. Hambleton, he found a family party insupportable after the departure of our heroine, and he united his entreaties to those of Lady Maybury; and Mrs. and Miss Pemberton were soon prevailed on to take up their intire residence in the Crescent, where, by playing a double game, these ladies managed to keep well with both my lord and my lady, while, at the same time, they neglected not their own in-

terests. Miss Pemberton was laying her traps for Sir Theodore Waring, and had great hopes of success, as he had once over-turned her in giving her a drive in his curricle; and though the young lady did not receive the slightest injury, yet she thought it right to adopt the appearance of an invalid, so she put her arm into a sling, and appeared in public two evenings successively, with as interesting and languid an air as the occasion could warrant.—Mrs. Pemberton joined a card table every night, with great avidity; she played a high stake, and with great coolness, consequently with great advantage. Mrs. D'Onolly often declared that "it was the *fever of her mind*, which alone prevented her from being as successful as Mrs. Pemberton."

CHAP. XI.

In the hours of watchful attention which our heroine had spent at the bedside of her mother, a pecuniary thought had never entered her head; she was supplied with every thing by Mr. Falkland; he was the most attentive, the most generous of men; her father could never repay his obligations to him, and as to Adriana's own they were incalculable!—During the bitter period of suffering which had succeeded to the

demise of her parents, Adriana could scarcely be said to have thought at all; but now when her grief was subsiding into a mild and chastened melancholy, the prospect of the future was obtruding itself into her mind; and with the anxiety to be informed respecting the state of her father's affairs, her great and accumulated debt to Mr. Falkland rose at once to her view.

Adriana had asked nothing concerning the manor; she had passively suffered herself to be conveyed to the rectory; she knew that it had been for sale, she knew that she could not bear to hear that it was disposed of without a severe pang, and she had no occasion to seek for extraneous sources of uneasiness.

She had enquired after the health of Ezekiel, of Martha, who was still at the rectory, but she had purposely avoided asking any questions as to his present situation; when she next saw Mr. Falkland, (and he usually spent a great part of each day at the rectory) she said, "Dear Mr. Falkland, to no other person could I have remained so easy under obligations as I have to you; I believe it is a consciousness of my never *never* being able to repay them which has rendered me so passive," added she, a faint smile passing over her pallid features.

"Adriana, dearest Miss Hartley, talk not thus," said Falkland, taking her hand.

"I *must* talk thus," said Adriana, kissing the hand which held hers, "for

have you not been *more* than *a parent* to me."

The eager emotion which shone in the eyes of Falkland as he felt the voluntary pressure of Adriana's lip, died gradually away as she spoke; he withdrew his hand, and walked to the window.

"You will not,—but you *must* hear me," said Adriana; "I am wholly unfit to settle accounts, or to negociate in matters of money, but I know that even in mere pecuniary matters I must be vastly your debtor; and, alas! I fear that my poor father's affairs were in a most ruinous state;—is there any prospect, dear Mr. Falkland tell me," said

she, starting up, and going to the window, "Is there any hope that his creditors may be *all* satisfied?"

"Yes, great hopes," answered Falkland.

"Thank God!" said Adriana; "for I could not bear to think that—that—his name—alas! it has already *one* stain affixed to it;—and, oh, Mr. Falkland, how dreadful is the reflection!"

"Compose yourself, my amiable young friend," said Falkland, much touched by her manner; "if you will, do me the honor to confide in me, I will, in conjunction with Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Sykes, the agent of your late father, settle all the affairs to the best of my ability."

"*If* I will confide in you,—you know

I will; you know I have no friend,—I never had a friend but *you*, and Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn," added she, "for I always think of you as one.—But pray may I ask you, Mr. Falkland, is—is—I suppose the manor is sold?"

"No, it is not sold," said Falkland; "it is advertised for sale next week, at ————, when Mr. Sykes will be down."

It *must* go;—I thought it had been gone," said Adriana; "I have taken my leave of it, however;—I cannot go there again. And, pray sir, who is likely to become the purchaser?"

"That is very uncertain," answerd Falkland, "as it is to be sold by auction; Mr. Dawson has the most money,

and as his son is in want of a house in this—"

"Oh, I hope he will not buy it! I am sure I *do* hope he will not buy it!" cried Adriana with eagerness; "but, ah," said she clasping her hands, "of what avail are my hopes, or my wishes,—ridiculous and romantic;—should I not wish it to be purchased by him who can afford to give the most for it, when it is to liquidate the debts of my father?—of myself I think not, Mr. Falkland; I must bring my mind to my situation, be it what it may; Providence will not forsake me, and I think I could earn a livelihood."

"I think you can *do* any thing," said Falkland, warmly, "but I trust you will not be put to the trial; I *hope*

we shall be able from the wreck of a noble fortune, and a large patrimony, to save a decent competence for the last survivor of an ancient family, which will remove her from want, and yet *further* from the station which she was born to fill; my strenuous endeavours shall not be wanting; and when I have had a meeting with Mr. Sykes I shall be the better able to talk on the subject."

"My station will be that to which it shall please God to call me," said Adriana; "removed from want, and blest with friends who approve my conduct, I shall be contented and happy."

Mr. Falkland looked at her with sparkling eyes of admiration. Mr.

and Mrs. Selwyn entered the room, and the conversatioon took another turn.

If the state of Mr. Falkland's heart is not apparent to our fair readers it had long been so to himself; that regard which he had imagined had originated in his wish of serving the daughter of Caroline Cosby, and of protecting a young creature who wanted a friend, he had found to be derived from another source, and he had made this discovery while at Bath; where having an opportunity of seeing our heroine in the most interesting and trying situations, he had yielded up his whole soul to the study of being serviceable to her.

The simplicity of her manners, that air of confiding tenderness, that familiarity of regard with which she constantly addressed him, had often awakened ideas and hopes which he felt ashamed of cherishing a moment, for in the next Adriana would call him her parent, her *more* than father; and dissolve with a word that flattering edifice, light as it was sweet;—alas! Mr. Falkland knew the disparity between them; the idea of an union between himself and Adriana, when started in a jocular manner by Mrs. Selwyn, had once filled him with confusion; he would still be the protector,—the friend,—the father,—of Miss Hartley,—yes, the *father*;—but he could,—he *must* be nothing more!—"And yet," sighed he, "who knows, if I were to

make the offer, might she not accept me?—Her young and unadulterated heart has never known the power of that passion which consumes mine!—I should be secure in the rectitude of her principles, and in her gratitude;—gratitude!—shall I then basely take advantage of this sentiment, presume on the trifling services I have rendered her, and on Adriana's exaggerated estimation of them, and urge her to make a sacrifice of herself at the shrine of my superannuated vanity?—No, perish the impious thought!"

Such were frequently the ruminations of Falkland; his sanguine mind long destitute of an object on whom to bestow the chilled affections of his heart,

was once again susceptible of a moving spring to his existence; he lived but for Adriana; while in her presence he enjoyed unmixed felicity, and absent from her, her image was still before him; she was become necessary to his happiness, and he must either by one effort estrange himself from her society, or unite his fate to her's; the latter was not to be thought of,—the former seemed impossible!

It was of no avail that he argued with himself on the folly, at his time of life, of giving way to the delusions of love, his regard was fixed on a sure basis,—on the virtues and perfections of Adriana. Often was he tempted to throw himself at her feet, to seal his doom at

once, but the recollection of the disparity of their years, the fear that he might be laying an embargo on her affections, and the idea of the ridicule which such a declaration might raise, retarded him; and in the meantime this tumult of his mind robbed his nights of rest, and his days of that tranquil composure which had formerly been his; he was again in danger of becoming the victim of a hopeless passion; and though he resolved a thousand times to think of Adriana only as his adopted daughter, yet a million of times he pictured her to his imagination as the fond and confiding wife.

The wishes of Adriana had been a law to Mr. Falkland, he had out-bid

Mr. Dawson at the sale, and the Manor of Hartley was become his property.

"Ah, could I but get Adriana to share it with me," sighed he, as the morning after the sale he was riding over to the rectory;—"Ah, I can never reside in it alone, I could never bear to inhabit that house in my present state, it would painfully remind me of the imperfections of the parent,—of the manifold perfections of the child!"

CHAP. XII.

It required less penetration than Mrs. Selwyn possessed to discover how matters stood with Mr. Falkland; she saw all his doubts, his delicate and, as she thought, over scrupulous fears; she thought Adriana had no other attachment; and she had frequently seen tears of pleasure glistening in her eyes as she made Mr. Falkland's eulogium.

"If this is not enough, I don't know what the man would have," said Mrs. Selwyn; but she resolved, though she felt great difficulty in keeping her resolution, to be silent, and leave the denouement to the parties themselves; to be silent to *them*,—to her husband she was loquacious; and the good rector, whose wishes chimed with her's, could not help laughing, as his bosom companion made him the repository of all her observations upon this much esteemed pair.

It had never entered the head of our heroine to think of Mr. Falkland as a husband; she loved him,—*fervently* loved him; she would have owned this to the whole world; she was never so happy as

when in his presence; and even with Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn she felt, and she remarked his absence,—and then his goodness—his kindness to her—the interest which he took, and still continued to take, in all her concerns;—certainly Mr. Falkland was the best—the most benevolent of human beings.

She had just been recounting all his virtues and his excellencies to Mrs. Selwyn, when that lady, seeing him ride up to the gate, imagined that her company might be dispensed with; and having just heard from her husband that Mr. Falkland had become the purchaser of Hartley Manor, she had great hopes that his avowal of this might

lead to another avowal very near her heart.

"How are you, my dear sir?" said Adriana, getting up and meeting Mr. Falkland, as he entered the room; "we have not seen you these two days, but I know you have been engaged for me," and she pressed the hand which Falkland held out to her.—"Now sit down by me," said Adriana, her voice faltering, and trembling with emotion, "and tell me who is—who is become the owner of the Manor?"

"You must guess, Adriana," said Mr. Falkland.

"Then I should guess Mr. Dawson," said Adriana, "for you told me he had the most money."

"You have guessed wrong, my dear Miss Hartley; you see before you the purchaser; I am myself the owner of Hartley Manor; and much do I grieve that there was a necessity for its—"

"Oh, do not grieve at any thing,—I am delighted that it is your's," said Adriana, "in the whole world, I could only wish that *you* should have it; and now the trees will remain beautifully shading the park, and *you* will live there, and—"

"Stop, stop, my sweet enthusiast," said Falkland; "not a *branch* of your trees shall be taken off, but as to living there—"

"And why not?" asked Adriana, hastily.

Mr. Falkland walked to the window; Adriana was going to follow him; she stopped, but said, "and shall you not live there;—why will you not live there?"

"Why?—Oh, no matter where *I live*, Adriana.—I have thoughts of travelling for a few months.—I—" Falkland stopped.

Adriana sat down, and continued silent; he turned round; she had covered her face with her handkerchief, but she seemed convulsed by emotion; he snatched her hand, and pressed it wildly to his bosom; he tried to wrest the handkerchief from her eyes, but in vain.

"Adriana! beloved, adored Adriana! whence those tears?—Dare I interpret them?—Speak, Adriana;—Oh, tell me, have I—"

"No matter, Mr. Falkland; pray leave me; I am a weak,—a foolish girl."

"By Heavens, you are an angel!" said Falkland, pressing her hand to his forehead, to his lips, to his heart, by turns; "by Heavens, you are an angel! and I am at this moment the most blest, or the most presumptuous of human beings!—Oh, Adriana, will you share the Manor with me?—Will you return to the mansion of your ancestors?—Will you be at once the solace of my life,—the joy of my existence,

will you—*can* you accept *me* as your husband ?"

"Accept you,—accept Mr. Falkland as my husband !—Oh, Mr. Falkland, do you know what you are saying ?"

"Yes, Adriana ! lovely, bewitching Adriana ! full well I know my own life's blood is not dearer to me than yourself.—Will you consent to trust your happiness to my keeping ?"

"Will I !" said Adriana ; "Oh, Mr. Falkland, you have long been my all of happiness and comfort, then can you ask the question ?" and her cheeks died with blushes ; she looked up and saw the rapture apparent in the lighted countenance of Falkland ; she once more hid her face in her handker-

chief, while Falkland folded her to his bosom.

Mr. Falkland still held the hand of Adriana, when Mrs. Selwyn re-entered the apartment; with an arch glance she looked in his face, and smilingly said, "Then I find my *idea* was not so very preposterous."

Preposterous!" said Falkland, "it was the most delightful, the most ecstatic idea, which ever took possession of the human mind!—I will immortalize you for it, Mrs. Selwyn."

"Now *you* look with that pretty confusion, and that asking air of enquiry, Adriana; well your curiosity shall be gratified:—When this re-

nowned and most valorous knight of the *woeful* countenance—"

"Not so, Mrs. Selwyn; no longer *woeful* but *joyful*," interrupted Falkland.

"Let me proceed in my story, Sir Knight; it is very rude to interrupt a lady, especially when she has just found her tongue after a very long and painful silence.—Well, when this redoubtable hero talked of sallying out for Bath, in quest of adventures, and in order to procure a *good husband* for a certain distressed young damsel, I carelessly said, 'You had better make her one yourself;'—Oh, bless my stars, if you could but have seen him, you would have thought I had *shot* him with an arrow; he flew off to that bow window, and

muttered preposterous idea! and disparity of years, and I know not what besides;—I *never* thought of his *age* for *my* part."

"Nor I,—I am *sure*," said Adriana, looking at Falkland with the most undissembled regard.

Tears stood in the eyes of Mr. Falkland; he felt that his affection was returned by Adriana, and he asked himself what he had done that Heaven should have bestowed upon him such unqualified happiness.

The remnant of Mr. Hartley's fortune, when all his *justly* incurred, and also his *honorable* debts were discharged, did not exceed a thousand

pounds. Falkland was not the first to tell his Adriana this.

"A bankrupt wife you have chosen, dear Falkland," said she, looking on him with tenderness.

"No," said Falkland, "her riches are abundant,—incalculable;—they are of that sort which fade not away."

And to show his total indifference with regard to her worldly dowry, he immediately proposed to Adriana her setting up Mrs. Lucas in some business with part of this sum. That Adriana heard him with delight and gratitude, we need not say; and Mrs. Lucas was,

through the assistance of a friend, resident in Bath, soon established in a little shop of haberdashery.

Martha and Ezekiel were both transported with joy when they heard that Adriana, their beloved young lady, was to become the wife of the good squire Falkland.

"And now then, we shall see his good face once more within our hall doors," said old Martha; "and he will bide amongst us.—Ah, 'tis *ma-any* years agone since he last went through their threshold.—'God bless your honour!' said I;—'Farewell, Martha,' said he; and that was nineteen years

ago come the twelfth of next November."

Ezekiel lifted up his eyes, and rose on his heels at the news, saying, "Old things are passed away, and new things are become old."

One of the first walks in the early spring, which our heroine took with Mr. Falkland, was through the park, and the coppice, to the cottage of Dame Palmer.

Falkland acknowledged to her that the impression her behaviour had there made upon his mind, had never been effaced; and that he had frequent-

ly returned to the cottage, apparently for the purpose of seeing the dame and her family, but in reality to indulge the recollection of the pleasure that he had enjoyed from that meeting.

The honest dame Palmer and her family were well; little Catherine showed her bible nicely kept and papered; and the mother presented her twins to Adriana, who flattered her by her remarks on their improvement in size and beauty.

Mr. Falkland's fortune did not exceed fifteen hundred pounds per annum, but he understood how to reconcile prudence with generosity, and

in consequence had always a boon to give when his heard was prompt to bestow.

Six months after the decease of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. Falkland led their beauteous daughter, 'nothing loth,' to the hymeneal altar. Mr. Selwyn joined their hands; and Mrs. Selwyn was witness to a union from which she augured the happiest consequences.

Martha received the new married pair with the most heart-felt joy, and the sincerest greetings. And Ezekiel said, "That a wise man had said 'there was a time for all things,' and that he was sure this was the

season for rejoicing, and that he would do so on that day."

Soon after our heroine's marriage she received the following letter from Miss Herbert.—

CHAP. XIII.

THE LETTER.

"My dear Friend,

"Though many changes have happened in our respective situations since we last met, yet in my esteem, and sincere friendship for you, I must remain unshaken; it is this which induces me to write to you on the present occasion, as I wish to be amongst the

first to offer you my congratulations and warmest wishes for your happiness, and in these my dearest brother joins, though he feels rather aukward at the idea of addressing you himself, feeling conscious that his behaviour to you requires not only an apology, but an explanation; that explanation should be given to you in a more detailed way, if a respectful silence should not be held over the faults of the departed.

"I have lost my mother two months, Adriana; on her death-bed she acknowledged a deception which had embittered some years of my brother's life, but which had previously been done away;—to be brief, my mother's only

brother, a scottish laird, and one who maintained the family consequence with almost feudal strictness, died just at the period when Sir Lionel became of age, and being unmarried his estate devolved to my brother, who hastened from college to the Scottish Highlands, to take possession of his property, his spirits ardent and buoyant, his person handsome, his manners engaging and attractive.

" In the housekeeper's apartment at Macdonald Castle, he discovered a sweet girl, who went by the name of Madelina ;—he saw and loved her!—He found her conversation sensible and intelligent, and that her mind had been cultivated by reading, though the ele-

gant accomplishments were unknown to her, and her form had been fashioned only by nature.

"By dint of enquiry he at length learnt that she was the illegitimate daughter of his uncle, by one of his tenants' daughters, and that her mother had paid the debt of nature in bringing Madelina into the world, and that Mr. Macdonald had given her into the housekeeper's care, with whom she had remained for nearly seventeen years. Her natural quickness of understanding had excited the interest of the village curate; and when he visited Mrs. Allan, the housekeeper, he had found an amusement in instructing her.

" Mr. Macdonald had died, Madelina was intirely unprovided for, and seemed to devolve to his successor as a kind of heir loom. Such a history to one of Sir Lionel's disposition, was particularly interesting :—In what light must he appear to the lovely Madelina ?—As one who had robbed her of her patrimony,—as one who had despoiled her of her natural inheritance !

" Tired with these ideas, he sought the beauteous orphan ; she was playing the harp, and accompanying it with the wild notes of a voice, full and melodious, yet ' sweetly devious.'

" During two months that Lionel remained at Macdonald Castle, he daily

encouraged and increased his passion for his beauteous relative; he owned his love, and the ingenuous Madelina confessed that he did not love in vain.

"Lionel knew my mother's excessive addiction to family consequence, and patrician rank; he feared she would never consent to his union with an *illegitimate* daughter, even of her only brother, especially when one of her parents had derived their origin from simple humble peasants; yet the principles of Lionel were so good, his heart was so rightly formed, that he hesitated to call Madelina his wife, till he had thrown himself at the feet of his mother, and intreated her consent for his doing so.

"With many a vow of quick return, he tore himself from the fainting Madelina, and hastened to Lady Herbert, who was then in London; the sanguine and empassioned manner in which he told the tale so near his heart, the entreaties which he used, his expressions, astonished and confounded her ladyship.

"She saw that by opposing strength to strength she should lose the day, and she adopted a stratagem, which as it redounds not to a parent's honor, I must veil as decently as I can.

"Mrs. Allan, the housekeeper at Macdonald Castle, wrote to my brother, within three weeks after his return to

England; and just as, fraught with love and transport, he was again setting out for the Scottish Highlands, a putrid fever, which reigned in the neighbourhood, had seized poor Madelina, and she had fallen its victim, the fourth day of her illness!—My mother in vain endeavoured to comfort the disappointed lover under the bitter stroke; he refused to hear any consolation; and perhaps at this period the sufferings of Lady Herbert must have exceeded even his;—her only son, the victim of melancholy,—his life a burthen to him—and she the cause!—how great must have been that pride which remained unsubdued at such a sight?

"I was then at school with you,

Adriana; on my return home, I shall never forget the change which I saw in my brother;—his tall and skeleton appearance,—his rayless eye,—his sallow cheek;—alas! he was the ghost of himself.

"He made me his confidante; I sympathized, and tried to soothe his sorrows, but I could not extract the barbed arrow from his breast. Time seemed to settle his disposition into a fixed melancholy; he seldom associated with his family, or mixed in conversation; in a public assembly he was seen lost in thought; and he acquired an asperity in his manner, which existed not in his natural temper.

"When he first saw Miss Hartley at Bath, he traced a likeness in her countenance of his lost Madelina; the simplicity and ingenuousness of her manners, so like those of his Highland love, rivetted his attention; and he was more interested by her conversation, and more enlivened by her society, than he had been at any period since his misfortune.

"The report of your engagement to Mr. Dawson was very prevalent; the authenticity of it could not be doubted when Lord Maybury spoke of it decisively. A little disgusted, I believe, at the idea of such a union, Lionel quitted Bath; during the period of his absence, Lady Herbert came down, and

having heard of my renewed intimacy with you, and through you of my introduction to Lady Maybury, and having taken up some very unjust, not to say illiberal prejudices, against you both, she absolutely prohibited my having any intercourse with either,—and hence my strange and unfeeling behaviour originated, my dear friend, how greatly to my sorrow I cannot express.

"Sir Lionel returned to Bath in time for Lady Maybury's masquerade; he heard the elopement of Miss Pemberton and Mr. Dawson;—Miss Hartley then was free!—He did not feel for you that excess of affection which he had experienced for Madelina, but with

you he thought he should be happy; and he had requested an interview with you, and was on the point of throwing himself at your feet, when he received a letter written by his long-lamented Madelina!—Yes, she was still alive!—and wrote from London.

"Mrs. Allan had been the *too* faithful confidante of Lady Herbert, she had complied to the utmost extent with all her orders;—poor Madelina!—but the recapitulation of *her* sufferings would be the accusation of my departed parent, and I will not 'rake up the ashes of the dead.'

"The death of Mrs. Allan had released Madelina from a long and chear-

less captivity ;—she flew to London ;—she flew to the arms of a doating husband, for Sir Lionel immediately made her his wife, but did not immediately declare it to my mother.

" The confession which she made on her death-bed cancelled all remembrance of injury in the generous breast of Sir Lionel Herbert ; and her ladyship bestowed her blessing on her much-injured niece. And thus ends this history, which I felt myself constrained to give you, Adriana, both from my own wishes, and the desire of my brother.

" He wants to introduce Madelina to your acquaintance ;—he wishes to be known to Mr. Falkland, and to hold

a place in the friendship of you both; in these wishes his sister unites, and prays you to believe her ever

Your affectionate
And faithful friend,
LOUISA HERBERT."

CHAP. XIV.

CONCLUSION.

MRS. Falkland gave her husband the foregoing letter to peruse. Falkland received it with a smile; and kissing her hand as he returned it, said, "I had once some very serious thoughts of giving you to Sir Lionel Herbert myself, Adriana."

"Thank God they were not put into

execution," said she, "for indeed, I believe, I might have accepted him, if he made me the offer, while, at the same time, my affections were irrevocably engaged;—but of this I was wholly ignorant.

"Thank God indeed," said Falkland; "you shall answer your letter, my love, and say *I heartily* congratulate Sir Lionel Herbert on having found his Madelina."

Lord and Lady Maybury had neither of them any desire to return to Oakley; his lordship did not like the vicinity of the Falklands; her ladyship thought she might as well keep her lord out of temptation, besides comparisons would be drawn with respect to the conduct

of the two brides, by the stupid Selwyns; and she always hated comparisons.

Young Dawson wanted a residence near his father, and he became a tenant of Oakley, but not to the satisfaction of the fair Maria; for *except* the *young* squire, there was not a man in the world whom she disliked more than the *old*.

She had got a rich husband, but she had not an opportunity of enjoying his riches; as a niggard in his notions, and still under *complete* subjection to his father, he yielded himself intirely to his direction; and Dawson Hall being only four miles from Oakley, Mr. Daw-

son daily took a ride over to look into the stables, the gardens, the larder, and even the *laundry!* and to see that Mrs. Dawson was employed at her *sewing work*, for he constantly told her, that as she brought no fortune, she must do her best to save one. He would not suffer her mother or sister to visit her; he said "One fine lady was enough in a family, *at one time*, and if he let them come into his son's house, they would kick up a dust like that rantipole girl, who squandered away good money in balls and such like doings, and who had married the poor lord. Mrs. Dawson was obliged to submit, though not with the best grace in the world; and she *longed* for the time when she should be released from her *second husband*, for so

she termed Mr. Dawson, senior, in her letters to her mother.

Lord and Lady Maybury spent the summer at Brighton; where Mrs. Hambleton declared they "eat money." His lordship is still the gallant and the gay; fashionably indifferent to his lady, assiduous to all besides. And Cecilia while plunging in dissipation, is yet the victim of gloomy suspicion and unrequited affection.

The two Pembertons live a gay life, free of expence. Miss Pemberton could not succeed with Sir Theodore Waring; who says "He would drive to the devil, rather than drive a wife."

A German speculatist proved to Mrs. D'Onolly that *second love* was the very *millenium* of existence, but that it could not subsist with refinement, if united to the feeling of friendship; so *borrowing* half the fortune of the *devoted* Filmer, Mrs. D'Onolly set out on a *platonic* tour with Mr. Sensitive, leaving poor little Filmer, who had caught the true tone of recitation from her model, to say—

"And what is *Friendship but a name.*"

Of our hero and heroine what can we say more?—they are virtuous, and they are happy. Their wishes are confined to a limited, but a social sphere; yet the influence of their example is

diffused over a very extended circle; and the name of Falkland is mentioned with respect and approbation wherever that name has been heard.

Such is the influence of virtue and propriety of conduct, even in this age of vice and folly.

FINIS.

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